IMPROVEMENT ERA

THE GLORY OF GOD IS INTELLIGENCE ... M M

VOL. 31 AUGUST, 1928 No. 10

Fathers and Sons
A GRANDFATHER

Utah Athletes
H. R. MERRILL

Three Hours Afield
J. H. PAUL

SOMETHING NEW FROM THE KAIBAB
LORA E. PRATT

LUMINOUS PLANTS AND ANIMALS
A. O. GARRETT

STORIES—SANDY—THE DOUBLE VICTORY
J. A. WASHBURN—CARTER E. GRANT

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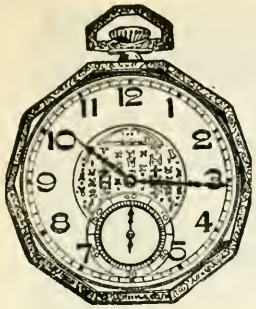

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* * *

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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EDITOR'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

In 1902 the late Ben E. Harker arrived in Germany as a missionary. Though he was not yet out of his teens, he had already achieved an excellent reputation as an athlete, and later became the physical director of the Deseret Gymnasium. Shortly after his arrival he put the following question to the writer of these lines: "If the Word of Wisdom is all that we claim for it, why hasn't the Church produced more great athletes?" For a moment the question was a startling one; then the reasonable answer came to mind: "Wait and see. This community has been too deeply engaged in developing a new country to think much of physical training. The young men of the Church have found all the exercise they needed in building canals, reclaiming arid lands, digging post holes and in planting and harvesting crops. Utah never had a paid coach until in the late nineties. We are but a handful of people competing with the world; and, furthermore, it requires a few generations to develop a real athlete." This answer might well have included another fact: Many of our boys go on missions just at the time they are coming into athletic prominence. Very few of them return to serious training after their missions have been completed. Another thing that is worth noting in this connection: Our boys are competing with men who, at least during the training period, almost always observe the Word of Wisdom. All who are interested in this subject will read with much pleasure Prof. Harrison R. Merrill's article, "Utah Athletes Come Into Their Own," which will be found in this issue of the *Era*. It is planned to follow this article with others along the same line.

A grandfather of today writes interestingly in this number on Fathers and Sons' outings. This "grandfather" has had a remarkably rich experience, not only with his own children but with many others, both large and small, and is drawing upon this storehouse of knowledge for the benefit of our readers. The second part of this article will appear in our next issue.

The editors of the Atlantic Monthly have very kindly extended to the *Era* permission to reprint "The Epistle of Kallikrates," which appeared in the March number of that magazine. This courtesy is greatly appreciated by us and will be, we are sure, by all our readers. Shortly after the appearance of this unusual and very interesting article, Elder B. H. Roberts, of the Church Historian's office, made reference to it in the daily press. His account was doubtless seen by many of our readers. All these and a large number of others will be glad to peruse the "epistle" in its entirety, which will appear in our September number.

Who They Are, a unique sketch from the pen of Kenneth Bennion, will have a place in the September number of the *Era*. It will be instructive and at the same time amusing to both old and young.

Under the general caption of "Missionary Work in North America," our May number contained articles from the presidents of missions on this continent. It is planned to follow these with similar accounts from our foreign missions. Some of these are already on hand and will appear next month. Others will be printed later as they come to hand. This phase of Church activity—missionary work—has demanded more time and money from our members than any other one thing, more almost than all other things combined, and is always an interesting theme.

Since our reference to the character of "Mission Messages," in the July issue of the *Era*, many letters have been received from mission presidents in which they approve of our suggestion. With their cooperation, we are sure these "Messages" can be filled with faith-promoting incidents and experiences which will be interesting and helpful to all our readers. Pictures of people or scenes that play a part in the story will also add to its interest and will be gladly received.

Beautiful in Nature

Oh the Beautiful our Lord has made!
'Tis for our eyes to see,
Lingering in sunny meadows,
Blending in the shrub and tree;
In the pasture, in the woodland,
And where flashing brooklets run,
In the brilliance of the sunrise,
In the setting of the sun;
Colorful in field and garden
Where the flowers their hues array,
Varying in graceful motions
Of the children in their play;
Rounding out the tinted outlines
Of the curving distant hills,
And the pleasant lines of forelands
By the river and the rills;
And above the mountain ranges,
Giving its celestial view,
Hovering above the summits
In the vault of heaven's blue.

Oh the Beautiful our Lord has made!
'Tis for our ears to hear
In the minstrelsy of nature
Ever swelling sweet and clear;
While the meadow-lark his ardent lay
Is trilling loud and long.
And the bobolink is caroling
His gleeful summer song;
Or upon the gentle breezes
A refrain is passing by
Of the redwing's cheerful piping
And the plover's plaintive cry;
Or, even in the monotone
Where hosts of insects swell
The under music of their drone
In forest, field and dell;
And intoned in children's laughter,
Mingling in the world so gay.
It is part of Nature's harmony
That makes a perfect day.

Maywood, California JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND

AMONG THE ATTRACTIONS OF NATURE

Photo by W. P. Cottam

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXXI AUGUST, 1928 No. 10

When Fathers and Sons are Comrades

By a Grandfather of Today

FATHERS, can you work, play, study, camp out, with your boys? When father and son work together, play together, study the same subjects, fish, hunt, hike, and camp out together, then it follows, as experience has shown, that:

I. The Father's Ideas of Punishment Change.

There is at least one feature in scout work and in what is taught in Bee-Hive work, boyology, and similar courses, that must appeal to all believers in the essential soundness of human nature. This work tends to prove that boys who go wrong are simply the unadjusted boys. Our failure to hold or to reclaim these errant wanderers means only, in the light of scientific investigations of the tendencies of the teens, not that the boy is sinful, but that we do not know what to do with him. Studies of adolescents show that punishment, if it is to serve any purpose at all, must be directed against the cause of undesirable acts, not against the boy who commits them, scarcely knowing what he does.

It is now an accepted maxim among students of boy life that perhaps the best, if not the only way that is sure to correct faults, is by processes of training and practice, to replace bad habits with good habits. Retributive justice, as the due penalty for wrongdoing, is found in the large majority of cases to be a mere mistake that should not enter at all into the matter of dealing with youth.

Experimental studies have given to investigators a new estimate of the harm that is done by any sort of punishment that the child considers unjust; and that, it has been ascertained, includes the great bulk of any sort of penalties and practically all punishment of children below eight or nine years of age.

II. Fathers Get Refreshing Views of the Gospel of Work.

Companionship with his sons in their enterprises as distin-

guished from his own work and interests, soon convinces the father that, contrary to a wide-spread belief, boys really like to work. They delight in the solutions of problems that are difficult to master, especially when the problems are of paramount importance in some work that the boy is interested in doing. In order to induce him to attack it with zeal and energy, the work must, in some sense, be the boy's own work, or it must be of immediate concern to him; the problem must be his problem. Let the boy see that it is his work we are doing, his interest that we are seeking, and there will be no difficulty in securing his cooperation.

III. The Father Becomes a Convert to the Gospel of Play.

Scout work, Bee-Hive girl programs, boyology, and other studies of the teens,—all make known that play is as important in the life of the boy and the girl, and not improbably in adult lives also, as is work itself—as important, perhaps, as prayer and divine worship. Religious people have always believed implicitly enough in the gospel of work; and this fact is greatly to their credit, since it shows their discernment of the chief factor in the development of character. But they have rarely, perhaps, believed in the gospel of play. Programs of companionship between fathers and sons have opened to view the desirability, if not the necessity, of play, of recreation, of change, and of diversion, in the lives of men and women as well as in the life of the child. Play is, to speak reverently, heaven's method of developing the young limbs and the immature powers of the child. Play is also the best means of relaxation from the strenuous and unending toil that successful modern living entails. For the bow cannot always be bent, the spring not always stretched, the human system not always under extreme strain or tension.

IV. Fathers Cease to Complain of Recent and Contemplated Changes in School Work.

The bearing of these comrade-activities upon school work is most significant. Schools, the writer is convinced, must soon undertake, in some form, these open-air programs in summer. When parents understand what it is that schools are trying to do, we shall hear fewer complaints about school taxes. Summer work for school pupils, summer camps in cool places, outings and nature study in the open; athletics, art, shopwork, industry, and farm work—all best given in summer—may be the changes we next shall see in school programs.

It is quite generally admitted that the public schools are not meeting the issue; also that modern homes are not, that the churches are not. No present agency is meeting the real needs of the youth of

our time. In all their programs something is needed that is not there. That something is precisely what Scout work, Bee-Hive work, boyology, big-brother leagues, and similar modern agencies seek to supply. But these combined reach less than ten per cent, thus far, of the boys and girls in summer. Only the schools can reach the vast majority.

What is chiefly lacking in boyhood and youth is the filling in of the leisure time. The schools provide well for the pupils during the hours that they have them. It is during the other half of their time that pupils today need most looking after. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." In former days, this was not the problem; for the industries of the old-fashioned home kept all its inmates busy in their spare time. Most readers can probably yet remember when our towns and cities were places of orchards and gardens. In my youth Salt Lake valley, from the blossoms of fruit trees, which then filled almost every town lot, was a sea of pink and white in the month of May. Many of the homes had one or more cows, sometimes horses and pigs, and almost always chickens. Each had a garden of flowers, vegetables, and small fruit, most of the lots being surrounded by the prolific and delicious Missouri black or yellow currants. Today all that beauty, that wealth of orchard and garden about every home as its chief pride and ornament, is gone, perhaps forever. The changes wrought by the vast industrial revolution which we have so recently witnessed have deprived children of the natural, interesting, productive work, which once was a matter of course in the economy of things.

V. Fathers Get New Faith in the Good Time Coming.

Schools have responded to the changed order; but, ably managed as they are, it has been impossible for them to provide for these profound changes. The result is that pupils are now without employment after school hours and during vacations. This means that they have nothing regular to do for more than half of the time. Being awake and full of energy, they must be doing something. Many wise men have sought to find for them summer employment in modern industry, but the attempt has not been successful. Moreover, even if it could be carried into effect, it might lead to conditions that the world deplored half a century ago, when the poet Mackay declared:

> There's a good time coming, boys,
> A good time coming;
> Little children shall not toil,
> Under or above the soil,
> In the good time coming;

But shall play in healthful fields
Till mind and limb grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write—
Wait a little longer!

The thought of returning to anything like the child labor and the industrial slavery of the Middle Ages, is abhorrent to our sense of values and of justice to children. The industrial employment of children is probably not the solution. There is a different and finer way—a way that improves the real life of both parent and child, that makes for the safety of the state, the church, the home, and the nation. It is the way pointed out by Scout work for summer and other spare time. It is, without irreverence or exaggeration, the way of truth and life, of honor and safety—heaven's way for the salvation of the man and the boy.

(To be Continued)

Courage

If you could cross mysterious seas, Columbus,
Could breast the angry, threatening unknown;
If you could face adversity and turmoil,
And reap reality from vast dreams sown;
If you could prove a truth by men forgotten,
And do a deed that some now call divine;
If you could find a continent, Columbus,
Then surely I can find this soul of mine.

If you could guide a nation, noble Lincoln,
And make of several parts a whole again;
If you could stand sagacious and unflinching,
In spite of calumny and scorn of men;
If you, with prescient and humble wisdom,
Could bring our country out of darkest night;
If you could mold a destiny, O Lincoln,
Then I at least can shape my life aright.

If you can love me still, my heavenly Father,
In spite of obstinate and blind self-will;
Of selfish thoughts and base renunciation,
Of frenzied doubts I've often tried to kill;
(You've loved me, and You've punished me severely,
Yet still I do not trust—I cannot see.)
Still, if you'll understand and watch and guide me,
I'll grope my way at last, dear Lord, to thee.

Ogden, Utah MARY M. PORTER

Live Most and Serve Best

By B. S. Hinckley, Secretary of the Deseret Gymnasium

RACE building is the supreme work of the world, and race supremacy rests fundamentally upon a physical basis. "More precious than mines, or rivers, or forests is the health and vitality of the nation."

Health is the first objective in any rational scheme of education. This does not mean health for health's sake. Health is not an end in itself only for the bedridden. As aptly expressed by Professor Thorndyke, "It is better to be a Socrates with a headache than a perfectly healthy pig."

The "temple of the soul" is but a servant ready and trained to serve high purposes and noble ends. Health has come to mean much more than absence from the hospital, much more than disease dodging. Dr. Jesse F. Williams has this to say: "It is satisfying to think of health as that condition of the body that makes possible the highest enjoyment of life, the greatest constructive work, and that shows itself in the best service to the world. It involves keeping the body and the mind at the highest levels, living at one's best." And so he has reduced his definition of health to this single but significant sentence: "Health is that quality of life that renders the individual fit to live most and to serve best."

In view of this brief but comprehensive definition, all agencies established for the promotion of health should seek not only to liberate man from disease, physical weakness, inefficiency and degeneracy, but to make his body the robust instrument of a trained and cultured mind devoting its powers to the highest service of mankind.

It is every man's religious duty to live up to the high-water mark of his possibilities; to do this he must give intelligent thought to the preservation and cultivation of all his health endowments. There is no way "to beat the game" of life. The sources of health are neither magical nor mysterious, they are, briefly, pure food of the proper kind and quality, fresh air, wholesome exercise, recreation and proper attitude of the mind.

In our day it is very gratifying to feel that the hope William James expressed many years ago is being fulfilled: "I hope that here in America more and more the ideal of the well-trained and vigorous body will be maintained neck and neck with that of the well-trained and vigorous mind as the two co-equal halves of the

higher education for men and women alike. The strength of the British Empire lies in the strength of the character of the individual Englishman, taken all alone by himself, and that strength, I am persuaded, is perennially nourished and kept up by nothing so much as by the national worship, in which all classes meet, of athletic outdoor life and sport."

Scout Bruce J. Lyman

For exceptional bravery and heroism demonstrated in the rescue of Delbert Alyne, Elvis Alyne, and Wesley Oches from drowning, Scout Lyman has been awarded a gold medal for life-saving by the National Court of Honor, Boy Scouts of America. This lad is a member of Troop 503, Logandale, Nevada — Zion's National Park Council.

Scout Bruce J. Lyman

On September 1, 1927, Bruce, in company with his brother Neil, was swimming in the Moapa Valley Flood Channel. The recent flood had made a hole 60 feet wide and 200 feet long and between 15 and 20 feet deep. On either side the banks were 10 to 15 feet high, making it impossible for anyone to get out excepting at the end. At the upper end of this hole a small stream of water was filling in heavy sand which formed an almost vertical wall.

The three smaller boys came to the channel to bathe. Bruce asked them if they could swim and, though he received an affirmative answer, he told them the water was deep and advised them to stay up stream, and watched them as they commenced playing in shallow water. Bruce then swam down the west bank of the stream, but soon was greatly surprised to hear cries for help. He saw that the three youngsters had gotten into deep water and could not swim. He immediately started for them and took the nearest one up stream to save him. Although he had to swim against the current with his burden, then back to the second boy and against the current again, he persisted in his efforts. As he turned back for the third unfortunate, the lad seemed to have quit struggling and was sinking. Bruce reached him in time to grasp his wrist and tow him to safety. Although the boy was limp and helpless he was not unconscious. The Scout had been too well prepared and too fast for death.

The above account was furnished us by Scoutmaster Del. H. Robinson.

When the World Was Young

By Henry F. Kirkham

STRETCHED across many miles of southern Utah are natural wonder spots that, for fantastic outline and splendid coloring, cannot be excelled by any similar place in the world. It would seem, indeed, that a giant sculptor had exercised his art in the creation and used a rainbow for his pigments—Bryce, Cedar Breaks, Zion, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and a host of others too numerous to mention.

But it is not the color, alone, that impresses the beholder the most. Rather it is the almost uncanny resemblance that many of these wonders bear to the work of human hands. that bewilders the imagination,—cathedral spires, vast natural bridges, pulpit rocks, and a variety of marvelous carvings that look like fabled creatures of ancient legends.

It is useless to argue that these strange images are but the result of natural agencies; the tireless effort of erosion extending over countless centuries. No! the picture is too real, the effect too startling, for such a puerile explanation. For miles away ran the gigantic palisade on which I gazed. Each stone in place as level as the work of a master-mason. And within this vast walled city, the gaunt pillars, the mute ruins of what could have been nothing less than some very temple of departed gods. You could almost visualize the time it once stood complete and grand; when full and splendid life dwelt therein and lived and loved as only gods could love. Tell me not, O scoffer, that dull, insensate chance ever forged this exquisite masterpiece!

"You are right, mortal, chance never did!"—By my side sat a spritely fairy, laughing as the sound of tinkling bells—"I repeat, chance never did. Who should know better than I, I who dwelt nearby when this same temple housed as merry a collection of exalted souls as ever trod this mundane soil?

"And because of your faith, mortal, will I tell you the tale thereof, and so shall your spirit be at peace."

* * * *

"Light, the god of the sun-lit places, moved blithely down the winding mountain trail. The world was young in those days and good to look upon. Also, this fair god was very much in love, so that the raptures of his soul colored all the earth with the glamour of his own entrancing beauty. For was not he even bent that very

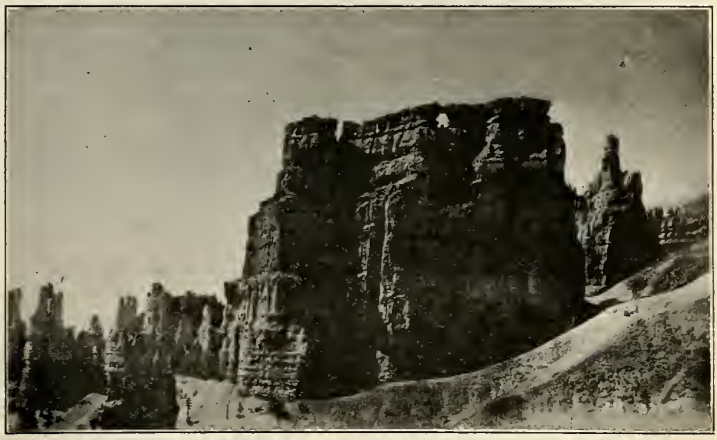
moment upon a tryst with the loveliest of the lovely—beautiful Spring.

"And as he ran swiftly to meet his beloved, he sang of things of love and the burden of his songs was thus:

" 'I, who dwell in the granite hills,
Kiss the fair lips of radiant Spring;
Girt in a mantle of clouds is she—
Softer far than rainbow wing.'

"Now all of this apostrophe was true, for lovely Spring was ever the song on the lips of lovers everywhere. Moreover she dwelt in a palace of crystal salt and her eyes were as the deep blue of the great lake, and her face as the creamy whiteness of the salt spray. Also, Light, himself, was certainly not bad to look upon,—straight as an arrow and tall as the pines of the eternal hills. Besides, did he not dwell in a great fortress of enduring granite—the castle of a thousand halls?

"And who can tell of the rapture of that tryst or the sweet words, like the whispering of summer zephyrs, that fell from the lips of these immortal gods? Suffice it to say that, presently, Light, glowing as the sun at noon-time, brought Spring, soft as the harvest moon, to his castle of the thousand halls. Indeed, the very stars sang together and all the feathered songsters, for this was a joyful day to the children of earth when the world was young.



"But the fair gods left their shattered castle of the thousand halls."

"There was one, however, who did not join gladly in the universal praise, one who dwelt in the dark places and whose very soul was consumed with bitter envy by reason of this happiness. Dark was his name and darker was his nature. For countless ages he had looked with evil desire upon beautiful Spring and sought her for his own, and now was his spirit filled with anguish and his thought with dark plans for revenge.

"And so he brooded, within the shadows, meditating a snare. And out of that brooding came a plan and the nature of it was this: First he summoned his several allies—The North Wind, the Torrid Rain, the Biting Frost. This trio he sent forth, and this was the manner of their going: With bluster and rattle, North Wind did shake the granite walls of that Castle Hall wherein Light abode, while Torrid Rain beat incessantly thereon, and Biting Frost industriously smote with his sharp spear upon the rocky face. A million years, perhaps, were they so engaged and great damage did they accomplish.

"And at the end of this period, Dark sent forth other enemies. Fire, he who dwelt in the deep places, and Thunder, armed with his bolts of lightning. The mission of Fire was, of course, to consume the foundations and make a heat as of a great furnace. To Thunder was assigned the final task, for when it chanced that Light, disturbed by all this unseemly racket, should venture forth to inquire the reasons thereof, then was Thunder to launch his bolts—and so would Dark have his revenge complete and arrive at his own sinful desires.

"As Dark had planned so it came to pass. Light, awakened from his dream of bliss, came forth, Thunder launched the bolts. But, alas! blinded by the exceeding brightness of the beautiful god, miscarried in his aim, so that the bolt fell, not upon the head of Light, but upon the head of Dark who stood nearby to glory in the fall of his enemy. And straightway was Dark converted into that strange statue of stone upon which you now gaze, O mortal. But the fair gods left their shattered castle of the thousand halls to return to the realms of the immortals."

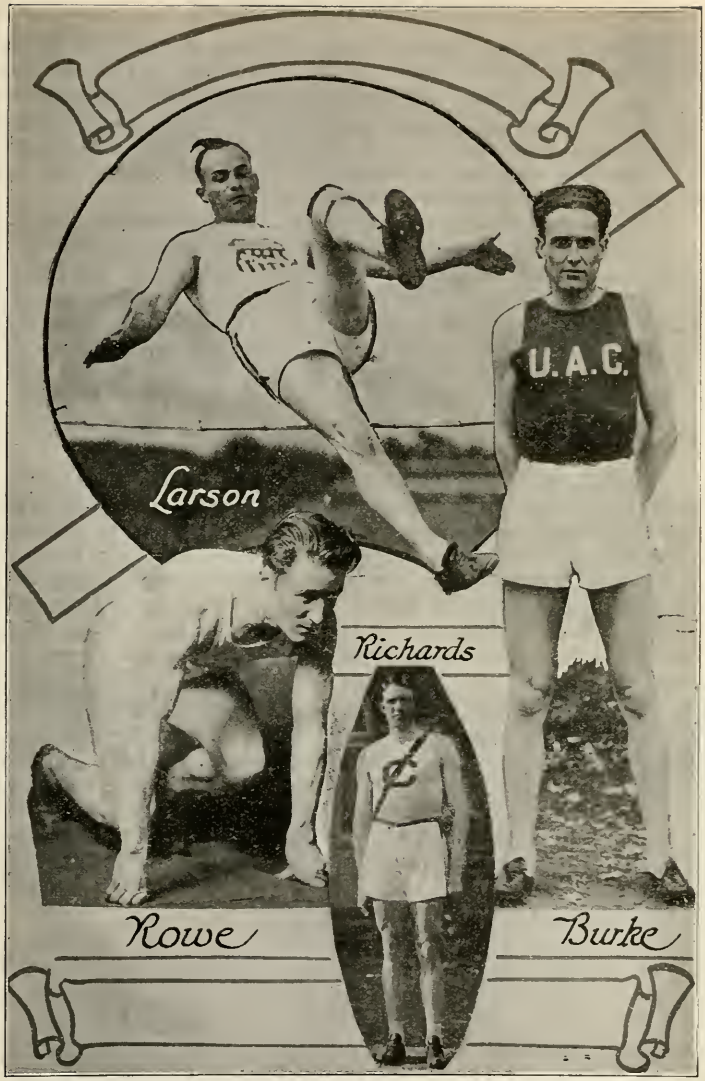
Be Tolerant

Each man is a unit and counts as one
In God's flawless plan here below.
Naked, and helpless and hungry we come,
And leave dross behind when we go.

A man is a man, no matter his creed.
If in quest of truth he's sincere.
Research and knowledge all error shall weed.
At last truth alone will appear.

Park City, Utah

H. Graehl



FOUR FAMOUS UTAH ATHLETES

Utah Athletes Coming to Their Own

By Prof. Harrison R. Merrill, Brigham Young University

THOUGH Utah is one of the youngest states in the Union, and though her population is so sparse that all the people gathered together would not make a city as large as scores of eastern and western cities, she has made remarkable progress in athletics as well as in many other undertakings. Her young men, gathered from the mountains and deserts of a comparatively barren state, have entered the lists with the athletes of the world and have made a showing that almost surpasses belief. For who could believe that a state but 32 years of age among states 150 years of age, with a population less than one two-hundred seventy-fifth the population of the United States, by the law of averages could shoulder up.

The law of averages, however, does not seem to hold good in the case of the athletic prowess of the youths of Utah, despite the fact that older states have a much older athletic program and have had much more efficient apparatus and athletic coaching staffs. And athletes are made as well as born.

As far back as 1912, out of the West went Alma W. Richards to the Olympic games. He was unheralded and unsung. He was merely a boy, a big one it is true, but a boy nevertheless. On account of his general ability and versatility he was entered in the decathlon at the Olympic games in Stockholm as America's representative.

By winning 6856 points in ten events, Alma W. Richards became known as the best all-round athlete in the world. During the same Olympic meet in Stockholm he won the high jump and set a new world mark at 6 feet four inches. Later in 1915 young Richards, by leaping 6 feet 5 inches, became the United States national champion and record holder.

That Alma W. Richards had a right to win is indicated by some of the records he has set: High jump 6 feet 5 inches; broad jump, 23 feet 4½ inches; 16-pound shot put, 45 feet 11¾ inches; 12-pound shot put, 53 feet 8 inches; discus, 145 feet 11 inches; and the 56-pound weight, Los Angeles, June, 1928, 34 feet 8½ inches.

Clinton Larson, a youth from Utah's Dixie, is another athlete who won international as well as national and state renown. While still a high school lad with almost no coaching whatever, he set a state high school record of 6 feet 2 inches which has stood until this year, when Loraine Cox, also of Dixie, broke it by setting the bar up a half inch.

In 1917 Larson participated in the Penn. State relays, where he won the national honors and set a mark, at 5 feet 5⅝ inches, which still stands after eleven years, during which athletes from every state in the Union have attempted to improve upon the height.

Clinton Larson became champion of the aviation forces during the world war and won first place in an inter-allies meet which was held in Paris, France, in 1919. He also took first place in the high jump at the Panama Exposition. He still holds the world's indoor record made in the Deseret Gymnasium, Salt Lake City.

In an exhibition jump in Provo, the Dixie wonder cleared the bar at 6 feet 7⅞ inches. Though, of course, it does not count as an official record, scores of people saw him make the jump which, had it been made in an official meet, might have given the world a mark that would have stood for many years, indeed.

Though years have passed, Larson is still jumping up around world marks. So excellent is he that this year he represented this district at Boston in the high jump.

Creed Haymond, in 1915, ran the 220 yard dash in 21 1/5 seconds, thereby setting a new world's record for a curved track that has stood for thirteen years.

Dr. Haymond has smashed state and national records in the 100 and the 220 yard dashes. He had the distinction of captaining the track and field team of the University of Pennsylvania in 1919. During that year he was a member of the relay team which broke the world's record in the 400-meter, the 800-meter, and the half-mile relays.

Other Utah athletes have made national showings. Clinton Luke became national broad jump champion. Melvin Burke set new Utah marks in the high school mile run and then in 1924 went to Chicago where he tied the national record. Burke later broke the Rocky Mountain Athletic Conference College record in the mile four or five times and still holds the record at 4:25 2/5. This year in Denver, at the Olympic meet, he set a new record in the mile for this region.

Owen Rowe, a youth from Spanish Fork, is another of the handful of Utah athletes who have broken into national fame. He has set new records, both state and conference, in the low hurdles and has broken the Olympic record in the 200-meter race.

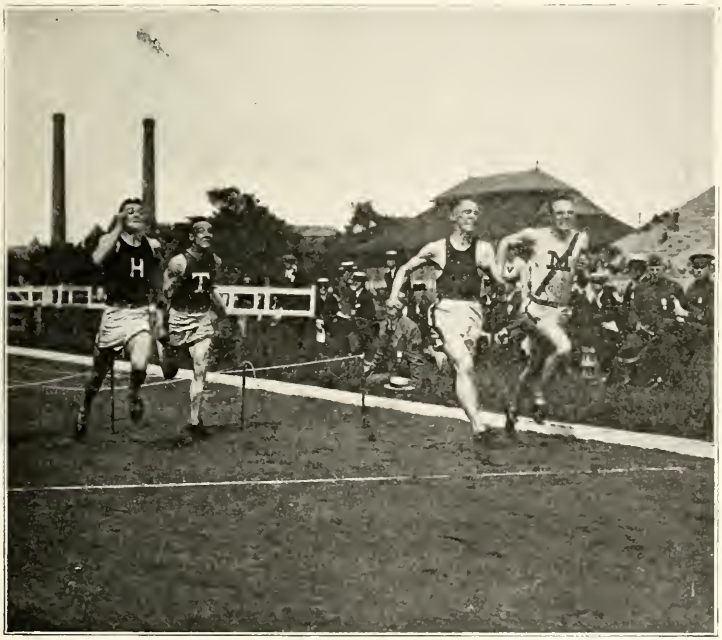
Owen Rowe has proved himself to be the greatest all-round track man Utah has produced. While yet a high school student at Spanish Fork he won the gold watch given by Brigham Young University for the best all-round performance, and since entering college he has repeatedly been high-point man of the various meets.

He is a stellar performer in the sprints, the low-hurdles, and the broad jump, and is also a great basketball and football man.

In mentioning national champions it is easy to become eloquent when the name of Bud Shields comes up, for Bud, single handed and alone, representing Brigham Young University at the national inter-collegiate meet in Philadelphia, won over schools with eight or ten men on the team. Alone, Bud Shields gave his university a tie for third place honors with Stanford University. He not only established new records in the 220 and 440-yard races, but he established them both in the same meet, thereby winning two firsts.

Shields has broken many records and in unofficial practice tests has broken world's records in some of the distances. He is a versatile swimmer and, were he permitted to enter all events, could win a swimming match from almost any full team in the conference.

Besides these, there are scores of Utah athletes who have mea-



Creed Haymond (second from right) winning 100 yard dash at Harvard Stadium. A Story of this race will appear later.

ured up well with the greatest athletes of the world. Because their names are too numerous to mention, all except those who have won national or international fame have been omitted.

It is interesting to note that every one of these unusual men is not only a member of the Latter-day Saint Church, but each one has been a more or less rigid observer of the Word of Wisdom. Not a man among those who have won national honors has ever used regularly tea, coffee, tobacco, or strong drink.

Here is a part of their testimony: Alma W. Richards, world's all-round champion, 1912, "I have never used regularly tea, coffee, tobacco, or liquor in any form. I still believe in the Word of Wisdom."

Creed Haymond, holder of the world's record in the 220 yard dash on a curved track:

"I have never tasted tea, coffee, tobacco, or liquor in any form. I promised my mother when I was eight years old, I would never break the Word of Wisdom. I was with her in the Utah Stake Tabernacle at the time and Senator Reed Smoot was speaking on that subject. That was twenty-five years ago, and I have kept my promise and expect to the rest of my life. My coaches at Pennsylvania thought it peculiar that I would never take tea during the season or wine before a meet, but told me later that it was that perhaps which kept me up (they guessed), because I never had time to train much, but was always in condition."

Melvin Burke, joint holder of national record for the mile in the high school division and holder of many records in the state and conference:

"I have not used regularly tea, coffee, tobacco, or liquor in any form. I am a firm believer in the Word of Wisdom. It is a great feeling to come to the end of a hard contest and still have a reserve for the sprint. I had considerable sickness when a child, but proper living helped me overcome it."

Owen Rowe, champion sprinter and hurdler: "I never have used coffee, tea, tobacco, or liquor in any form. I am a firm believer in the Word of Wisdom and adhere to its teachings rigidly. I know it pays."

Bud Shields, national champion swimmer: "I have never used tobacco regularly or liquor at all in any form. I have never used tea. I have used coffee to some extent, but not to excess. I am not using it now. When I was a mere boy I was looked upon as a weakling, but I have overcome that by careful living and proper training."

Clinton Larson's wife was spokesman for him, as he was away

in Boston when this article was written: "Clinton Larson is a rigid observer of the Word of Wisdom and always has been. Furthermore, he always keeps himself on a training diet and always keeps in perfect physical condition. He is a firm believer that right living regarding foods is of paramount importance to the athlete."

It may be regarded as significant that from a state possessing less than one two-hundred seventy-fifth of the population of the United States there should come so many athletes of national renown and that of that number every one was, is, and expects to continue to be a strict observer of the Word of Wisdom.

Scores of other great Utah athletes might be cited for their achievement in many events, but space will not permit. It is to be hoped, however, that future articles in the *Era* will deal with their achievements. This article aims to deal only with those who have already become well known nationally for their achievements. It is true there are many Utah athletes who have approached or broken national records, but no others, so far as the author of this paper knows, have made any such records in national meets. It is just possible that some athletes who should be mentioned in this group have been overlooked. In that case, it is a matter of not knowing rather than of purposely slighting any young man who has become nationally known in amateur athletics, especially in track and field events.

Of course, the testimonies of these young men do not prove conclusively that the Word of Wisdom is an aid to athletes, but their testimony, since every national character has agreed, is significant, to say the least.

The end is not yet. Utah is rapidly becoming supplied with athletic equipment and with trained athletic coaches. There are already three stadium cities in the state, and others will be added soon, according to report. Gymnasiums are everywhere, and young men are training scientifically in scientific places under scientific men. Just what all this coupled with the start given them by careful observance of the Word of Wisdom will do no man can predict.

Were one to name men who have stood high in sports in Utah, men who have actually approached national records, several pages would be filled with their names. That the Utah athlete is coming to his own there can be no reasonable doubt.

Three Hours Afield

AMONG LITTLE THINGS THAT PEOPLE WANT TO KNOW—NATURE PROGRAMS FOR SCOUTMASTERS AND CAMPERS, BASED ON WHAT THEY SEE.

BY J. H. PAUL, PROFESSOR OF NATURAL SCIENCE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

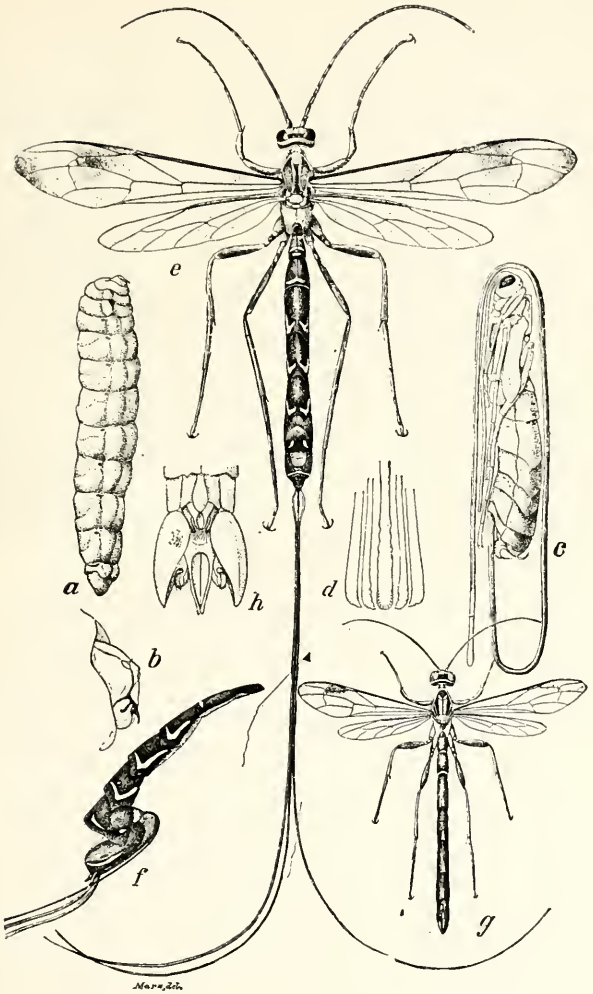
> And what delights can equal those
> That stir the spirit's inward deeps,
> When one that loves, but knows not, reaps
> A truth from one that loves and knows?
>
> *Tennyson.*

DID you ever go afield with a group of boys and girls and try to answer their questions? Out for a school holiday, and prepared by their teachers to ask about things, five such live groups induced me to go with them this spring; and during six weeks of April and May, it was likewise my good fortune to go out also with seven adult groups—teachers, scoutmasters, members of general boards, and extension classes—the best of listeners and watchers. There were four trips into "bird-land," as related in other articles. Here I shall tell chiefly of two trips into Dry canyon. Sixty pupils of the Webster school had been studying nature, and therefore desired to see things, as did also one hundred pupils from the Ensign stake religion classes of the fifth grade. With nature as our aim, we spent three hours afield.

WONDERS FOUND IN A DRY GULCH

For a nature exploration few places less promising could be chosen than dry ravines or deserts; but in spring and fall these localities teem with interest and beauty, the best time of day being early morning or toward sunset. As the guide and the teachers sauntered along the dry ravine, the pupils scattered, like a flock of sheep, fan-shape over the hills; but they did not get lost, for, by intelligent teaching, they had been prepared for this work. Soon one after another of them came rushing to the teachers or to the guide, bringing some new treasure or mystery—a rock, a twig, a flower, an insect, even a lizard;—and wanting to know what it was. With questions like these, they kept us busy:

"Will this lizard bite?" No; all lizards and horned toads are harmless and useful with one exception, the Gila Monster, which is poisonous. One boy caught a lizard, another a horned toad; they were instructed not to harm the little things, but to let them go on the sunny side of the hill. Boys about to stone a snake were



THALESSA LUNATOR.

(a) Full-grown larva; (c) pupa, showing ovipositors coiled about it; (e) central figure, adult female, life size; (f) ovipositor enlarged; (g) adult male, life size.

restrained; and a little talk on the usefulness of snakes and toads was given.

The Hunting Beetles

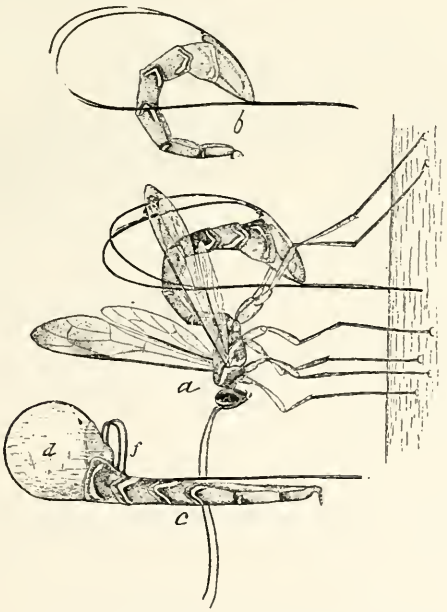
Then some of the pupils came across two large, slow-moving, black-hued beetles, which stood on their heads when disturbed. The reason they assume this attitude, which is a threat to sting, seemed amusing to the pupils, especially when they learned that no beetle has a sting, and that none can bite to amount to much. These somber, Western pinnacate beetles, about which the authorities can say little, are wise enough, by pretending to sting, to imitate ants and thus deceive their natural enemies—the birds and small carnivores. A black beetle with minute, shining red dots on its wings, and several beetles with lined or grooved wing covers, were picked up. These are the beneficial hunting beetles, which live on other insects. In Massachusetts they are the chief hope of the people to save the New England pine forests from the ravages of the imported gypsy-moth caterpillar. "Spare and guard the hunting beetles, but make specimens of all the long-horns." One group found a long-horned boring beetle; its destructive work in laying eggs in the trunks of trees, and the saving of these trees by the woodpeckers, were explained.

Thalessa, the Tree-Saver

Not a little excitement was caused by the approach of the most notable of insect tree-savers, the immense ichneumon wasp, Thalessa lunator. Only a few caught glimpses of her, but the guide related her life history. Tremex, a large, brown wasp an inch in length, and about the thickness of an ordinary lead pencil, lays its eggs in the bark of trees. The eggs hatch into larvae, which consume the sap and burrow in the sap wood to the serious injury of the tree. Then comes Thalessa (consult the picture), a long, slender, shining, reddish-brown wasp, the tip of the abdomen enlarged and bearing a pair of flexible threads from four to six inches in length. These are the egg-layers (ovipositors). Arching them up over her head, she bores into the burrow made by the larva of the Tremex wasp, and lays an egg therein. This egg hatches into a small larva, which works its way along the burrow till it comes to the larva of Tremex, then fastens itself to the body of the borer, and kills it by consuming its flesh. The larva of Thalessa thus saves the tree. When these facts were first published, half a century ago, there was a stir about them in the scientific world. Never kill Thalessa, nor any very slender wasp. Slender-bodied wasps are insect destroyers of great value to man; and all wasps and hornets are of value as destroyers of insects, especially of flies.

FLOWERS AND THEIR VISITORS

The most frequent question, "What flower is this?" was answered by giving the common name and some point of interest about the plant. Then came: "What shrub or tree? What rock? What insect? What bird is that? What bird song?" Several asked, "What makes that buzzing?" It was the crackling of either the red-winged or the clear-winged grasshopper. "What butterfly is that?" The mourning cloak butterfly was frequent, and then, by great good fortune, its caterpillar was observed at work. Milbert's tortoise shell, two sizes of tiger swallow-tail, a brown checkerspot, the Northern summer, the Western white—these were pointed out as they flew near, with the food plant of the larva and the honey plant of the adult. Dreamy dusky-winged moths were numerous; their curious, hooked antennae were of special interest. "What dead



—THALESSA LUNATOR. (*a*) Female in act of ovipositing, (*b*) abdomen showing outer sheaths in slightly different position; (*c*) abdomen stretched to its utmost, as when first inserting or finally withdrawing the ovipositor, and showing the coil of outer sheaths (*f*), the distended membrane (*d*), and the ovipositor coiled around inside it at periphery

animal is this?" It had been killed by some thoughtless gunner and left there to rot in the sun. The pupils were told how the carcass could pollute the water of the entire stream and spread germs of disease; hence it must be buried. "Are there any snakes in Dry canyon?" None in spring; few if any in summer.

Insects, Ants, Snails, Hawks

"Will these ants sting?" The large red ones will; they are the occident ants, chief harvesters and farmers among insects; in dry countries they store away food for the winter, as Solomon correctly remarked. Those ants with wings do not sting; they are the kings and queens ready for their mating flight. Most of the males soon perish, a few females surviving to found new colonies.

"How did these snail shells get here? Did the ocean once cover these mountains?" Yes; but the snails are land species; look about under the oak leaves and you will find shells containing live snails. "Are shells and fossils in the rocks proof of the flood?" No; they are evidence that in past geological ages, long before the flood, this region was part of a vast sea.

"What hawk flies yonder?" It is the Western red-tail, one of the best hawks, miscalled the chicken hawk and often shot by mistake. Notice that it flies without moving its wings. Wing motion would alarm its prey—the rats, gophers, rabbits; for these pests it is always hunting. The detrimental or bird-killing hawks are usually moving their wings in swift, darting flight. "What dug this hole?" The useful badger, the harmful ground squirrel, and the gopher. "What nest is that?" A magpie's nest, hung in the oak-brush but long since deserted because plundered by men or boys. Do not make the mistake of interfering with or of inspecting birds' nests. The night-prowling weasel, skunk, rat, and wildcat, like to follow by scent the trail of man. If you have gone to a nest, these foes of birds will thus find the nest and destroy its inmates.

Learning From Dead Animals

A few summers ago, in a grove near Murray, thirty teachers stood listening to the vanishing songs of a willow thrush—songs at first fluted then trilled, with fine power and with a finish of delicate beauty. As we listened, someone noticed a dead bird lying near; it turned out to be the body of a thrush. What should we do with it? Decomposition had already set in, and some were holding their noses from fear of the offensive odor.

"Please give attention," said the guide; "we have here a treasure of unusual value."

As they gathered around, the guide, requesting all to watch closely, gently turned over the body of the dead bird. A real sensa-

tion! Half a hundred strange-looking insects rushed about in a hurry to get out of the light of day. These were beetles of three kinds: carrion, or flesh, beetles, of medium build and dark color; skin beetles, smaller, dark gray, and thin as heavy paper; and sexton, or burying, beetles, large of body, strong of limb, deep black, and with wide bands of red across their bodies.

Nature Sermons on Sanitation

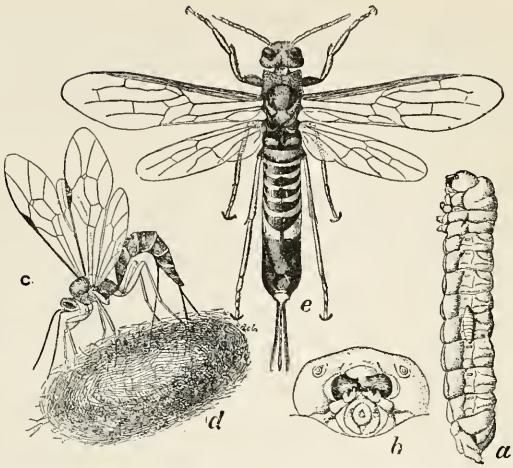
Here was an opportunity, and the guide went on to explain the work and ways of these strange insects dwelling in most obnoxious places—under dead animals. Someone ventured to remark, "What if Paley had known of the good work of these lowly creatures?" Undoubtedly he would, when he wrote his able treatise on Natural Theology, have added another worth-while chapter to his interesting demonstrations of the providence that in so many beneficial ways adapts nature to the service of mankind.

Thereafter, could these teachers use such opportunities? With true insight and to decided advantage, they could utilize the absorbing chapters of Fabre on the ways of burying beetles, and the story of American tumble bugs. Then would come the lore concerning the sacred beetle of Egypt—the symbolic scarabaeus, famed in history, and engraved in the signet rings of royalty—history based on first-hand evidence. Such are the stories to tell in the open during daylight hours; not fanciful or mythical ones, which, if related at all, should be reserved for the story hour at the evening campfire. Several teachers so adapted the incident that it yielded fine material for English composition; but scoutmasters could give, over the body of every dead creature found, the most timely and useful lessons, including the sanitary burial of the carcass; since in our dry climate in summer a few handfuls of dust will render odorless and safe any decaying substance, offal, or excreta—a fact that should be impressed upon the memories of all campers.

Rockchucks and Burying Beetles

On the Dry canyon hike, boys from the Webster found the body of a rockchuck, and came running to tell of their discovery. All hurried there. The guide explained what the harmless and interesting creature means to us, and why it should not be killed, chiefly because of the excitement and interest among hikers that living rockchucks stir up. There it lay, its strong, curved digging claws, sharp teeth, and dense, reddish-brown fur suggesting the mode of its underground life.

As they looked about, several pupils called attention to another rockchuck, a live one, galloping along the side of the hill. All got



The Pigeon Tremex, or Tree-Killing Wasp, life size, in the center. Right, Tremex Larva, full grown. Left, a Tree-Saving Wasp, Pimpla, laying eggs in the Cocoon of a Moth.

glimpses or views of it. After brief explanations, the guide invited the boys to do a good turn by burying the dead chuck. As a heavy stone was moved from its body, numerous flesh beetles and burying beetles rushed from beneath the carcass, skurrying to cover. Capturing one of these, the large red-and-back sexton bettle, the guide explained to the attentive listeners how beneficial to man is the work of these curious insects. After one look at the powerful digging claws, strong cutting jaws, muscular bodies, and the coat of armor defensive against contamination by decaying flesh, the pupils could readily understand how these beetles carve up the flesh of dead animals and bury it in the ground. Then the beetles lay eggs beside it; these soon hatch into larvae, which speedily consume the flesh, thus rendering it harmless to man. Otherwise the body, decaying in the open air, would poison all the atmosphere about it for weeks till it was finally consumed by the larvae of blow flies—a much slower and less sanitary process.

Some Practical Results

Each boy then took up handfuls of soil and soon covered the body of the dead chuck, just as scores of burying beetles had been doing a piece at a time. What effects will contemplation of these services, by some investigators said to be beyond estimation, exert on the minds of youth? They will conclude that these lowly and

unnoticed bits of life work to save the life of man. At each future encounter with decaying animal bodies, will not the burying beetles be looked for and their good work noted? And after one glimpse of the rockchuck in the open, how fascinating becomes the story of its life—a story that any of these pupils will now tell with animation. With that claw equipment for digging, which the rockchuck possesses, how cleverly it constructs its underground rooms, how swiftly it harvests, and how safely it stores its food. But why is it so scarce in the West? Because, besides the idle gunner, the coyote and the weasel, which are its natural enemies, are numerous here. In the East, where these natural enemies have been largely exterminated, its cousin the woodchuck is fairly common.

Does someone ask: "Why should I study these things? What is there in it for me?"

Nothing—absolutely nothing, except facts, instruction, wisdom, safety; and, to certain people, beauty, truth, inspiration, and religion.

But story-tellers might observe that facts like these, founded on what has been observed, are better than bear stories, since rockchucks are often seen, and bears but rarely. Problem: Show that the presence of rockchucks serves as a protection to sheep and poultry.

Secrets of the Wild Flowers

To learn about the wild flowers was real fun. All were instructed to pick only one, and not to pull that one up by the roots. With these flowers, each pupil made a nature book, preserving them in magazines till they could be transferred to a better press. Each flower is put into a single-folded sheet of newspaper, and let remain there till it is dry. One whole newspaper, folded to the desired size, is placed as a drier between each two plant papers. The drier is changed daily, and laid out to dry, a fresh one being put in its place.

When we go through any field or region in which the weeds, wild flowers, trees, and shrubs are new, who does not wish to know what they are? We desire to know the name, the use, or some feature of the vegetation we pass by, especially the notable forms, such as trees, odd plants, and flowers of great beauty. These items, learned quickly afield under a guide, with a few repetitions become permanent possessions, not readily forgotten. One soon feels at home among these species, and each region containing them seems to be his own country.

Even this slight basis of plant knowledge trains the perceptive powers, cultivates accurate observation, leads to prolonged inspec-

tion, and prepares one to understand what he reads about plants. It is eye-opening work, enjoyed by scouts, school pupils, and perhaps by everyone else.

To know the more striking, useful, or harmful plants of surrounding fields and hills, seems very desirable. The question has always been, How can it be done? The way is now known and the gate is open. Such knowledge does not, however, mean the mere picking and mauling over of a few conspicuous flowers, without scientific guidance, and with little or nothing explained. It is the truth of things that makes them interesting and that leads to their profitable use. Field classes at first need a nature guide; but soon the scoutmaster or the teacher can be the guide, referring to the specialist the unknown species and the new problems as they arise.

Dad

I used to dream of an artist
Who could paint the picture of Dad,
Who could paint on his face that manly look
And the wonderful smile he had.
At last I have found the artist;
But the picture makes me sad—
He has painted well the dear old face,
But he can't paint the soul of Dad.

And that's what makes him dear old Dad,
The pal of my work and my play,
The one who shared success and strife,
The old pal whom I miss today.
The sunlight is gone, and shadows
Have crept over land and sea,
And the picture the artist painted,
In the darkness, I cannot see.

But tonight I see my dear old Dad,
Just like he used to be,
And I did not need a painter's brush
To paint his face for me,
For memory painted that picture
In the heart of a little lad,
Who prayed every night at his mother's knee,
That some day he'd be just like Dad.

Clifton, Idaho BEATRICE WILLIAMS

Something New From the Kaibab

By Lora E. Pratt

THE populace of the world shed their cocoons of dark and neutral colors and gather about them such harmonies as blend with the new season. Some will sail to foreign shores to search for new old things—to gay Paris, quaint old England, Germany, and through the crags and peaks of Switzerland, to sunny south sea islands, and so on around the world.

A great many millions will see America. A few of these will seek the world of untrodden, undiscovered things that are unusual to our ways but vaguely suggestive of deep meaning and reality to another, past, age. To these few, who seek the unbeaten track, the primitive path of my narrative will not be entirely without interest.

It was 8:00 a. m., July 11; the rush of packing for a two-months' stay of trail making through the Grand Canyon was finished. With some relief we settled back in the car that was to take us from Kanab to where the road ended, wherever that was.

Passing the first rising slopes of the Kaibab forest, we leave the scrub cedar for the scrub pine, and as the ascent reaches out to meet the higher altitude the giant yellow pines raise their heads from 70 to 150 feet into the blue. Thus we enter into the gateway of one of the greatest forests in the world, the Kaibab. Kaibab is an Indian name, it means "Mountain Lying Down." Indeed, this mountain looks as though it were lying down, with its gigantic base to the southward.

At noon we stopped at the first evidence of human civilization, the V. T. Park ranch, on which is a hotel built for the tourist. An hour later we took the road toward Point Sublime. Within twelve miles of Point Sublime we took an old branch road towards the northwest and before the sun set reached an old swampy lake used by the wild cattle and deer ranging in this part of the forest. Five miles below this we pitched our tents and prepared supper.

With the first streamer of dawn we were up. The world of pine trees lay shrouded with mist and dew. We were camped on the very rim of Swamps Point and below us, like a phantom of the night, stretched the great gorge of the mighty Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

That morning the trail work was to start. Into the walls of the canyon was to be cut a five-foot mule or pack-train trail to the

bottom of Powell's Saddle and back up the other side of the canyon out on Powell's Plateau. The thick growth of underbrush, Mansanita and Lorbe Mansanita, that grow on the almost perpendicular walls of the canyon, had to be gone through in order to survey; and a level made on which they could make the least curves with a 20% slope trail. This took three days' time and in the meantime I did a little surveying and seeking myself; that is, Doc. and I did. We were out for something new and we found everything we were after.

As the sun rose on the fourth day of our camping out, it found two pieces of human clay, clinging, sliding and scratching through the brush that lined the first fifty yards of the wall of Powell's canyon. Slowly but surely we struggled on. When we reached the Saddle, it was nearly eleven o'clock and the hot rays of the canyon heat, after the shade of the pines, seemed to cut through us. We had given up finding something new or interesting when, upon making our way down what some old prospector, for some reason of his own, had called Datem canyon, we suddenly rounded an old jutting cliff and came face to face with what seemed to be a large hole in the side of the wall. On closer examination we found a heavy black streak of iron ore running over the face of the rock and marks that clearly indicated the use of a pick and blasting powder. Heavy quartz lay on the floor and lined the hole. We were not miners and, knowing practically nothing of minerals, we could not determine whether this quartz was a rich gold quartz or not; however, from appearances we decided this must be a gold claim; so we began looking around for other relics or something to give us a clue as to who had been here before us. Between two rocks we found a tin can, rusty and turned up-side down; attaching some significance to the can's being found in this position we looked inside it. Worn, yellow and musty, dated some time back in 1800, was a filed mining claim. The name was old and blurred and hard to read. Perhaps at that moment about the same thoughts were running through our minds: Who was this old prospector? What was his story? Whence did he come? Why was a filed mining claim over what we had found all that there was to tell of him? Silent and reflecting over our find, we moved on. We had gone about half a mile, perhaps, when we heard a faint roar as of gushing waters at a distance. Questioningly we looked around us. In front of us and a little higher than where we were standing, was a heavy green thicket, too green to be on a dry slope. Working laboriously on, we made our way to this spot. A tiny trickle of water, as from a spring, ran down the embankment. With a pocket knife we cut the soft

Top: Bright Angel Point, Grand Canyon.

Bottom: The "first evidence of human civilization" in the Kaibab.

rock around the side of the stream and suddenly, like a fountain, the water burst forth. It seemed that there must be some river or

lake feeding the stream and that the water was hidden under the mountain.

We had not particularly known what we were looking for when we started on this wild trip off the beaten trail, but we knew now that we had found and were finding something important. Curiosity is an instinct which has done probably more for the world's advancement than anything else. It may be that this instinct does not always turn out for the best, but at any rate most people are provided with a portion of it. It was curiosity that made most of our finds and to us made our days worth while during our stay at the rim and down in the canyon. We decided to christen the spring, "Queen Ann Spring," mostly because we ate dinner there and, while enjoying some Queen Ann cherries, we were reminded that a very dear friend's name is Ann. Whether that christening will endure or not I don't know; but it was always called that by the trail gang.

Following the cliff and winding down the canyon, we climbed and stumbled until we reached a huge cave. A shower had started and we were feeling a bit exhausted by this time, and we sat there under Nature's shelter, much as her cliff-dwelling people must have done during mountain showers. While here we picked out a spot that looked very enticing, as it was shut in by a growth of oak trees, and after the storm had passed we broke trail to it. At one point, as we came close to the ledge, a soft, murmuring roar, very much like the first we had heard when we found Queen Ann's Spring, came to our ears and, as we followed closely, the roar seemed to deepen until we could stand off a number of feet and hear it plainly, but we could find no opening. We had a drill with us and, as the wall appeared to be but soft sand-stone, we decided to drill into it and see if the water was close enough to reach. About an hour later we had a small stream running, and before we left it had increased to about twice the size of the first spring. Whether the top of Swamps Point, the east side of Datem canyon running south and the east side of Powell's canyon running north from the Saddle are but a shell, cup shape, with a lake spring beneath, or whether there is an underground lake of clear, pure water there, I do not know; but it is a very interesting thought.

Our day had been profitable thus far. We had descended to a lower ledge, on our way back, and were only about fifty yards from the saddle when we picked up a stone about twelve inches by eighteen inches, which proved to be an old Indian grinding mill. It was smooth and like the ones found in museums today. We decided it must have rolled down from above, so we climbed up about four ledges, where we found several pieces of broken pottery. Here

we came to a perpendicular wall jutting towards the top, at the foot of which were piled small round and square foundations about five feet in diameter. The cracks in the ledge had been stuffed with mud. Digging some of the mud out, we found stored away both old corn and a few cobs. How corn could have grown, or where, I am unable to answer. Perhaps in the age marked with Indian pottery, Indian paints and agile, miniature people there was a tribe which found this place a safe and savage home, and out of its heart called the corn to bloom, and the rocks to raise shelter, until some other, stronger faction stood against them and left but this garbled story of a home and people.

So the days passed, and the trail crept on, making each day a new scene for those who go deeper into the wild country to find more to see and remember and to teach. On August the fifth we moved camp from Swamps Point down into Powell's Saddle. A good trail was cut to the first spring we found, Queen Ann's, and from there we got all our drinking water; then we made trail up the floor of the canyon towards the north, to a natural spring, Powell's. Perhaps of all the trails we cut, this was the most beautiful, for it was almost straight and was overhung by colorful oak and maple, trailing wild vines, and edged with wild flowers and shrubbery. It is a natural boulevard; so pretty we called it "Lover's Lane." Then upward swept our trail, a winding ribbon, writing defiance against the wild.

The sun rose spendidly out of the dawn on the 15th day of August. Climbing about a mile to the level of the plateau, we started to cross that lonely looking piece of country. The whole flat surface of its head was covered with giant yellow pines. The wild life was abundant; the white-tailed squirrel, known only to exist on the Kaibab, whisked through the trees and scolded and chattered to us as we passed. The floor of the plateau was a velvet carpet of green grass. We hiked twelve miles across it. The point on which we stood is called Dutton Point. Here the plateau loses its pine trees, and Mansanita and Lorbe Mansanita take their place, with a scattering of sage brush. Looking down from this point, one gets the most magnificent view of the whole canyon.

On our way back to camp that afternoon, we came to an old camp of one of our most important and interesting characters of the West, Uncle Jim Owens. Uncle Jim is still living and may be found either at the Bar Z ranch, helping the cowboys get along, or at some station on the mountain. This camp is a relic of the old days of Uncle Jim Owens. Perhaps I should say the young days when catching cougars, which were a menace to the cattle and deer, was his

main sport. He would go into the wilds with his blooded dogs and come back loaded with pelts and live cougars. His dogs would tree the live cougars, and then he would lasso them and tie them. This was a very dangerous job, but Uncle Jim was as fearless as he was kind hearted. The feet of the dead cougars he generally tacked to a tree in camp. The old camp consisted of a number of these trees, loaded with the remains of cougar feet and deer horns—a landmark of an early pioneer.

At sunset we reached the edge of the plateau again. As we slid down between the boulders, the golden gleam back of us reflected from the peaks of the great Grand Canyon, turned the forest on the opposite side into a flame of fire and the old castle ledges became reflecting marble. There is something different in the formation of this opposite wall, the top row of ledges is a cascade of cone-shaped towers, each perfect in formation. In these walls are found sea animals. The fossils that have been picked up in the rock on the trail are history, written by the hand of nature, of animals which are now extinct.

About a half mile from camp and very close to Queen Ann's Spring and the cliff dwellings, is an Indian painting. Perhaps this is the greatest of all our finds. It is a piece of art that has far outlived its author and his people. The painting and all the pieces of pottery I have found that are colored resemble very much the square Egyptian style of painting.

The last night of our stay was like a great eternal terminal. Doc. and I slipped out on the Point to watch the sunset colors. As we stood there, thrilling with the beauty that flamed before us, the whole mountain plateau burst into color. It became a leaping fire, while grey clouds rolled like smoke out of the depths. There was a thundering roar; the red walls of Thunder River to the north of us broke into flame, and then all the forest; and the mighty gorge of the Colorado to the south shone with white statues and became a city of ghosts with only grey mist rising out of it. Terrified and dumb we stood on the rim, thrilled with the beauty, awed by the terror of the unknown and mighty. Suddenly the storm broke, the world became dark as pitch. Soaked and unable to speak, we got back to the shelter of a tent that had been put up. That night the thunder shook the very earth and many a sturdy pine tree sank beneath the flash of lightning.

The morning came clear, and we turned our faces homeward, towards civilization. Passing the scrub trees, we faced the beauty of the painted desert and went on, over Purple-sage flat, to the old vermilion cliffs that shelter Kanab.

Kanab, Utah

Interpreting the Out-of-Doors

By Prof. Harrison R. Merrill, Brigham Young University

THE out-of-doors, like all masterpieces of art, must have its interpreter. Nature is so prolific, so prodigal with forms and colors that one must have an eye and a mind capable of segregating the various pictures into artistic unities if one is to see the out-of-doors in artistic proportions.

Those who go out and merely "look" will see a riot of color, a jumble of form, probably pleasing, but lacking that satisfying unity so necessary to the mind. It is true that God framed the landscape with the blue sky, the rim of mountains, the froth of clouds in order that even the untrained—artistically—can get something from the scene that is inspiring and uplifting; but, like Jesus in his parables, he has kept his most delicate, his most intensely emotional views for the "seeing eye and the understanding heart." In other words, as

Photo by W. P. Cottam

The path to University Hill, B. Y. U., Provo, Utah.

Mathew Arnold declares, "excellence is not common or abundant," and that holds true of vision as well as of other things.

Artists, through long association with nature, careful study of form and color, have become the high priests of the out-of-doors, the seers whose eyes have been opened to the inner beauties. Some men and women are born with this uncanny sight which interprets instantly the inner kingdom.

Whittier, I think it was, said:

"Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain-tops
Are God's great pictures hung."

True, but some of his finest works are found in secret places under the very eyes of men. I have been astonished many times when one of these seers has shown me, under my very gaze, a picture which resolves itself from the chaos surrounding it into a beautiful harmonic unity that has touched my very soul. My mother was one of these seers and to me she will be forever blessed.

Recently I walked with one of these interpreters. We followed an ordinary ditch filled with muddy water, lined with a riot of growing things. We came upon three girls enjoying the shadows of the common willows and cottonwood trees. The seer clutched my arm.

"Stop!" he commanded.

I was startled. I felt that I had stepped on hallowed ground.

"Look at that!" He pointed, and slowly, as the negative on a developing film appears as from the invisible, a beautiful unity formed before my eyes. It was as if the soul of the picture shone through.

I saw no longer an ordinary ditch, but an artistic stream; no longer mere willows and wild rose bushes and cottonwoods, but greens shot through with light and shadow.

In other words, when I shut out the sky, the hill beyond, the houses and fields below—as beautiful as all of them seemed—I beheld an artistic unity. A seer had allowed me to climb Mount Sinai and to know that I had climbed it.

I have formed this rule of life: When a seer says come, I go, for I know with him I can pass into the inner kingdom where artistic unities change my muddy ditches, my cement paths and common trees into paradises of beauty; and with him I can pass from glory to glory.

Provo, Utah

Luminous Plants and Animals

By A. O. Garrett, Professor of Botany, Alpine Summer School, Brigham Young University

A YOUNG man at the Alpine Summer School at Aspen Grove chopped up some maple roots for fuel one day last summer. It had been raining for several days, and as a consequence the wood was well soaked. He happened to pass his pile of wood after dark, and found to his surprise that it was luminous in spots—wherever the bark had been broken there was a greenish glow. The combined glow was almost sufficient to permit one to read by it. This phenomenon created some interest in camp, and naturally the question followed, "What is the cause?" together with the second question, "What plants and animals are known to be luminous?"

These questions are not so simple as they appear to be. If we were in the open more after nightfall, perhaps we would observe more of this luminescence from plants and animals; for the phenomenon is not so rare as the uninformed imagines. In fact, it is pretty well distributed all through organic nature.

Among Plant Life, we meet with it first among the bacteria —those tiny organisms so small that of the small ones it would take 125,000 placed side by side to make a line an inch long! In their *General Bacteriology,* Frost and McCampbell say, "Some vegetables, such as potatoes, beans, etc., on decomposition may give off light and show the presence of phosphorescent bacteria. Decomposing meats, particularly sausages and fish, also may be covered with different species of phosphorescent bacteria. Fischer states that the phosphorescence of the sea is due to the growth of saprophytic photogenic bacteria on dead sea animals and the subsequent washing off of these forms in large numbers by waves." At least twenty-six species of photogenic bacteria have been discovered. (As will be seen later, the phosphorescence of the sea is due to a number of different organisms.)

Then the mycelia of certain fungi (particularly of toadstools and their allies), which grow in rotten wood, cause what is sometimes called "fox wood." This is sometimes quite common in the timbers of mines and under the bark of decaying trees. (The mycelium of a fungus is really the fungus itself—what we call the toadstool being its fruiting body only.) This was the organism which caused the luminescence at Aspen Grove. The subject of luminosity of these fungi is discussed at length in chapter V of Cooke & Berkeley's *Fungi.* Here the experience observed at Aspen

Grove is verified—that the luminosity is evident when the fungus is alive and wet, and disappears upon the plant becoming dry.

Among the independent plants, one of the most interesting cases of luminosity is found in a moss that grows in dark caves. In his book, *Mosses with a Hand Lens,* Dr Grout says of the Luminous Moss: "The Luminous Moss belongs in a family all to itself because of its numerous peculiarities. It is found in caves and dark holes in the woods, sometimes under the roots of overturned trees. It has once been found under the sill of an old shed. On looking into one of these caverns containing the Luminous Moss, the bottom seems covered with a golden-green glow, somewhat like the appearance of a cat's eye in the dark. In order to see the glow, one must look into the cave with the light behind him and care must be taken not to shut off all the entering light, as the Luminous Moss, like the moon, shines by reflected light alone. If one attempts to gather the glowing substance he will find nothing but dirt and stones with possibly a few tiny plants. * * * The compound microscope will reveal threads, * * * but the lens will show only a cobwebby appearance of fine green threads. This beautiful plant is probably the reality upon which are based the fairy tales of goblin gold."

Among Animal Life, we find many more examples than among the plants. In fact, the phenomena of luminescence in animal life extend in all the different groups of animals.

In the Protozoa, or one-celled animals, a great many kinds have the power of giving forth light. In his book, *The Protozoa,* Gary N. Calkins says: "In the sea great areas may be colored orange, red, etc., by incalculable numbers of Noctiluca (the Protozoan best known for its phosphorescent effect), while at night their presence is indicated by brilliant phosphorescence, the light being due to the rapid exudation of a substance created by the organisms and thrown out by them upon irritation. In Puget Sound and in Alaska I have seen hundreds of acres of the sea surface colored orange by Noctiluca militaris, although the single individuals are less than one-fiftieth of an inch in diameter." In an article entitled "The Phosphorescence of the Sea," reprinted in Vol. 1 of the *American Naturalist,* pages 316 and 317, the statement is made that the phosphorescence caused by the Noctilucae occurs only when the water containing the animals is agitated.

Among the Coelenterates we have numerous luminous forms. The free-swimming young of the lime-secreting hydroids or Millepora are often brilliantly luminous. Other examples are found in the sea-anemone named Urticinia; in the single-coral polyps; and in all

the Alcyonarians. The latter group includes the sea-fans, sea-pens, red coral, and especially one sea-pen found off the coast of Spain, which is noted for its luminosity. With few exceptions, all of the Marine Worms are luminous: green, blue, white and yellow light marking their movements under the sea. Among the mollusks, we find examples of luminosity in the Boring Shells. One called Pholas emits a bluish-white light; one placed in honey retained its light for over a year. Still another luminous mollusk is the sea-slug called Scyllea. A land-slug called Limax has a luminous pore on its mantle, while the eggs of another land-slug are luminous for the first fifteen days. Several of the Squids (Celodora and Cranchia) are luminous.

We find abundance of luminosity among the Crustaceans. The writer observed the luminosity of the water-fleas when looking at them through the microscope on a rather dark day. Certain marine species are often responsible for the phosphorescence of the sea. Major Owen said: "When these were taken, the sea was alive with them. When swallowed by, or entangled with other creatures, they in their turn appear to be also luminous. They also give luminosity to the water itself as it flows over them. When they are at rest, they gradually cease to give out light; but as soon as they are disturbed or in motion, or the vessel containing them is shaken, they again become bright, even after many hours' confinement,—I have seen the ship's deck running with liquid fire when the net containing this species was taken on board." We find another example in Idotea phosphrea of the fourteen footed Crustaceans; but perhaps the most remarkable luminous Crustacean is the little Medtridia armata, a spider-crab that "exists in such quantities in the snow on the shores of the Arctic ocean that persons and animals appear to be walking in fire, the splashes of light presenting a wonderful spectacle. The light is of a bluish-white tint." The crab known scientifically as Cancer fulgens is luminous.

At least thirty-four kinds of insects are known to be luminous. Perhaps the best known of these to us is the fire-fly. A gentleman up in City Creek canyon, one day, last spring, observed the ground aglow with phosphorescence for a space of about an acre. He investigated, and found the ground was literally alive with some kind of a "worm." The "worm" was the female and the young of the fire-fly, or the glow-worm. One of the most remarkable cases of luminosity is found in one of the elaters, or snapping-beetles, found in the West Indies (Elater noctilucus.) It is said that the light of a few of these insects has been used as a lantern. G. A. Perkins gives an interesting account of them in Vol. 2, of the *American Naturalist*: "The Cucuyo; or West Indian Fire Beetle."

Even the vertebrates have examples of luminous forms; for we have the Lamp-fishes, which have organs which look like pearl or glass buttons imbedded in the skin. These are luminous organs and aid the fishes to light the dark recesses of the submarine work. The entire head of another deep-sea fish (Canlolepis Longidenis) glows with a pale-green light. Still another has a tiny lantern suspended by a thread over its back.

All known examples of luminosity among plants and animals have not been given; but sufficient have been mentioned to show that the question, "What plants and animals are luminous?" is one that cannot be answered in a breath.

Provo, Utah.

In Crowded Places

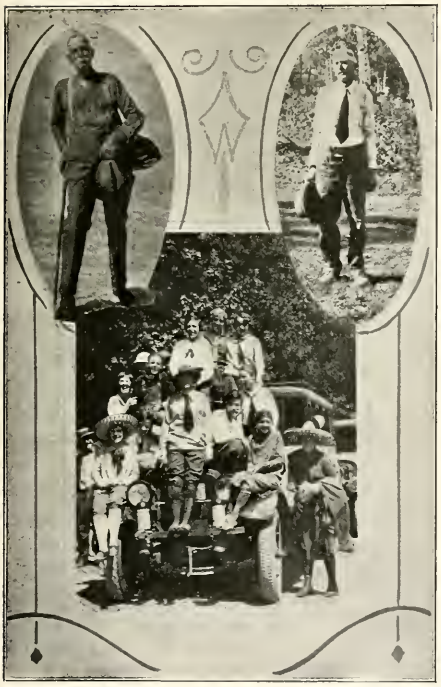
Let me live in the crowded places,
Midst the throng of struggling men;
Let me carry my load of trouble,
Helping others now and then.
Let me find in the crowded places
Chances to serve mankind,
Till the end of life's hard battle,
When we'll leave all cares behind.

Let me walk in the silent places,
When my soul is dull with care.
Let me find sweet rest and comfort,
When I kneel in secret prayer.
But let me live with the masses,
With the humble men of earth;
For there I find great treasures,
The richest joys of earth.

Durango, Colo. BESSIE BURNHAM

A Maid of Sixteen Summers

By Jesse Theodore Simmons



Leonard G. Hardy (upper left) 75 years of age, second oldest man to make the climb.
Jesse S. Harding (upper right) 77 years of age, oldest man to make the climb.
Six different states represented in group on auto.

THE Timpanogos hike of July, 1927, was singular in many important respects. Eugene L. Roberts, the man who discovered "the Sleeping Woman Mountain" for the world, has seen the sixteenth organized expedition go to the summit for what is counted to be the largest community outing in the world. A record crowd of five thousand people attended the pre-hike program at Aspen Grove on the evening of July 16. Dell Webb of Provo, who was an official for the big hike, made this count. This number lacked just a few hundred of being double the number who attended the program in any one year in the past.

By way of numbers another record was crushed. More than one thousand hikers climbed the winding trail that leads across the breast of Timpanogos. One thousand mountain lovers scaled the great glacier of many winters' snows and beheld from the topmost crest of Timpanogos to the south and west the splendor of Utah lake and Utah valley, and to the north and east the glory of endless hills.

The crowd who made the climb was a varied and unusual

group of mountain lovers. Old ones and young ones, large ones and small ones, lean and fat,—all had their place in the steady stream of hikers that poured from the Aspen Grove camp, from 11 o'clock on the night of July 16 until the same time on July 17.

Jesse S. Harding, of Vineyard, Utah, was the oldest man to conquer the heights of Timpanogos, he being 77 years old the day he made the climb. It was his first trip to the top of Utah's wonder mountain, but he said it would not be his last visit to this great mountain. Leonard G. Hardy, of Salt Lake City, 75 years of age, was the second oldest man in the group to make the climb; and Bishop Don C. Young, a prominent architect of Salt Lake City, was the biggest man. Mr. Young is tall with considerable width to correspond, but he, too, promised that the sixteenth hike will not be the last one for him.

More than half of the states of our country were represented in the long line of mountain trampers. Students from the three large colleges of Utah, the Utah Agricultural College, the University of Utah, and the Brigham Young University, were on hand with plenty of pep. A group of students from the University of Chicago, led by Dr. Cole, as well as many other out-of-state student and tourist groups were included. It was a unique caravan of climbers that formed the zig-gag march across the east face of Timpanogos.

So the army of mountaineers climbed and climbed. And as they climbed, they breathed the joy of nature.

This is the picture. Filing up the path from Aspen Grove, beginning at 11 o'clock and with a full moon, the mountain hikers made the trail a lively one. A jovial atmosphere fused with the flood of moonlight in such spendid fashion that no one could have doubted that the hiking life for Timpanogos was sixteen summers. The leaders of the hike reached Emerald lake at the foot of the glacier at an early hour. The Sleeping Woman, Timpanogos, must have been thrilled. The east sky was thinly painted and pale. Oh, there was so much to see and to breathe! On went the hike—up, up. The glacier was frozen and like jagged rock, and it was steep, but on went the hikers. When the summit was reached by the leaders, the east was gray. Slowly the fire of old Sol drowned the flood of light made by the moon as it softly illumined the long trail except where the tall mountains cast their shadows. Then dots of flannel and khaki could be seen to caravan along the serpentine path.

Then came a time for testing of the mettle of the stoutest-hearted mountain lover. The hikers must come down—down the glacier that had been so tedious to climb. To slide,—that was the

only respectable way in which the homeward journey over the glacier could be accomplished. There was no alternative.

So the hikers began to slide. Now if there is any truth in the twentieth century adage that this is a thrill-seeking age, surely the thrill-seekers of Utah can find a glorious opportunity to indulge themselves on the Timpanogos glacier. The slide was eight hundred yards long and was done in record time by each slider. Many of the hikers, who neglected to bring a piece of oilcloth on which to ride and who had but one pair of trousers, were in a rather embarrassing predicament, for the friction between the icy-snow and the hikers' contact was most terrific. To all those who made the descent thus, the glacier ride was counted to be the greatest sport of the whole hike.

Enough time has now elapsed to heal most of the serious blisters caused by the sixteenth annual Timpanogos hike. The mountain lovers have long since filtered back to their homes in Utah and to the other twenty-seven states from which they came for the greatest community hike of the world. It will be long remembered, even if the hikers should never come back to another Utah mountain climb; but the impressive part about a Timpanogos hike is that the hikers always come back. That is why the outing becomes bigger and better every year.

Mountain Solitude

How pure, the snow-white mountain crest
  Above the valley's space!
How thrilling and refreshing is
  The breeze that fans your face!

How green, the pungent pine-clad hills—
  How vast the vale beneath!
How solemn and religious, like
  A silent funeral wreath!

From tip of pine to crest of peak—
  From earth to eagle's crag—
From burrow of the woodchuck and
  From creek or thorny snag—

From all the mountain range there comes
  Devotion, faith, and peace!
From heaven God sends happiness,
  That nevermore shall cease!

Weston N. Nordgren

M. I. A. Contest Winners 1928

THE excellent work done by the various contestants in the finals at the June conference has already been commented on. It earned for those participating the added recognition of having their names and pictures published in the *Era*. If space permitted, all would appear. That being impossible, we are presenting names and pictures of the winners of first place and the names only of those taking second place in contests in which young men participated.

North Davis stake group which won first place at the grand finals, M. I. A. Drama contest, 1928.

First row, left to right: Velma Major, William Bone. Second row: William Dawson, Wilma Egbert, Ima Whitesides, Edna Sheffield, Diamond Adams. Third row: Ralph Rampton, director; Myron Barber, Lester Obrien, Sterling W. Sill, Daniel K. Brown, Calvin D. Corbridge, director.

Cache stake won second place with the following participants: Marion Everton, George Everton, Miss Rose Maughan, Katherine Skidmore, Leslie Jackson, Newell Stevens, Leward McKinney, David Morgan, Sarah Brown, Gerald Hanson, Lutie Bancroft, Milton Johnson, director.

M Men Quartette, Cottonwood stake, winners of first place at grand finals, M. I. A. contests, 1928.

Standing: Leonard Nelson, Leonard Berg, and Drew Pearson, all of Murray First ward. Sitting: Helen Bennion, accompanist, Taylorsville ward, and Verl Jacobsen of Murray First ward.

South Sanpete stake took second in this event with Joel Jensen, Ephraim South ward, Anthony Hansen, LaVar Isaacson and Earl Dorius, all of the Ephraim West ward. The coach, Mrs. Bly Moody Beal, and the accompanist, Mrs. Amanda Bailey Cox, were also from the last named ward.

Kemmie Bagley of Cottonwood stake won the M Men's public speaking, with Varien Thurman of Blackfoot stake second. Brother Bagley's picture and speech appeared in the July number of the *Era*.

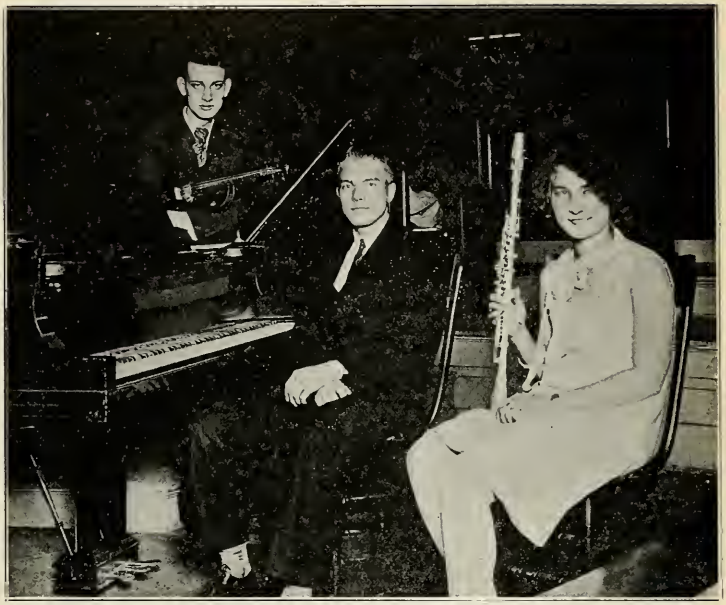
Parowan stake has the winning Male Chorus. Reading from left to right they are: Front row: Ray D. Garner, E. Ray Lyman, Chas. J. Engar, conductor; L. N. Marsden, Jr., and B. E. Whitney. Second row: Claude Orton, W. Warner Mitchell, Dean Mitchell, W. Clair Rowley, Rulon Topham, and Rex C. Ward. Back row: Wilford Durham, Howard Ward. Insert: Ada S. Watkins, accompanist; Victor H. Watkins, I. E. Riddle, stake superintendent.

Personnel of the Oquirrh stake Male Chorus which won second place: Rider C. Waring, conductor; Elise W. Baker, accompanist. First Tenors: H. Claude Anderson, J. A. Donaldson, O. Millard Henderson, Bert Lewis. Second Tenors: Alma Baker, Wm. A. Eckersley, John Herzog, Earl Hill. First Bassos: Angus C. Ensign, Walter Inkley, James T. Miller. Second Bassos: H. Earl Day, J. Henry Johnson, A. J. Kartchner, C. W. Poulton.

Miss Terue Terazawa and Reginald Waines, Sugar City, Idaho.

The dancing contest was won by a seventeen-year-old Japanese girl, Miss Terue Terazawa, and a sixteen-year-old boy, Reginald Waines, both of Sugar ward, Fremont stake, Idaho.

Second place in this event was won by Victor Earl Madsen and Miss Ruth Anderson, both of Brigham City Third ward, Box Elder stake.



Instrumental Trio, Liberty stake.

Liberty stake won first place in the instrumental trio, with Donald Cope, violinist; Myna Price Davis, clarinetist; A. A. Selander, pianist and director, all of LeGrand ward.

Second place was given to Blackfoot stake. Ronald Bitten, violinist; Beth Stratford, pianist and Elden Miller, all of the Blackfoot Second ward.

Our M. I. A.

I stood at the gates of the temple,
As the M. I. A. throngs passed by,
All sons and daughters of Zion,
With ideals pure and high;
Choice spirits from God's own presence,
Learning to walk in his way,
To carry to each stake in Zion
The messages given each day;
That *all* of Zion's fair children
Shall know which course is the right;
With true wisdom, faith and action,
Choose the paths to Eternal Light.

West Jordan, Utah ELLEN B. RICHARDSON

The Knighthood of Youth

By Ray O. Wyland, Director of Education, National Organization, Boy Scouts of America

PRESIDENT GRANT, my fellow countrymen, and brothers in Christ: As I came upon this platform I breathed a prayer that God would give me words of wisdom that I might speak to you a message which will help to further the splendid work that you have been doing and that you are now doing for the youth of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I am exceedingly happy to stand upon this platform and to bring you greetings from the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America; and, if possible, to give you in part a vision of the vitality, of the rapid spread, and of the effectiveness of the work of an organization which is great because other people throughout the world are manifesting the same definite interest, though probably not in so wide a degree, as you are here in Utah and throughout your magnificent Church in the work of this movement as a means of service to their boyhood.

Behold a modern movement of the knighthood of youth which enrolls in its membership each year more than a quarter of a million boys who never were Scouts before; a movement which, in eighteen years, has enrolled approximately three million boys, and three-quarters of a million men who have given volunteer leadership to make possible a larger service to the youth of the nation; a movement which, in the year 1927, had an enrollment of about four million boys and 186,000 men; a movement which reaches out into the open spaces to serve the boy on the farm with a Lone-Scout program, which he receives through the mail, through the Lone-Scout Patrols, which are carried on in the homes of the farmers (his neighbor boys gather with him around the fireside during the long winter months); a work which reaches unto our colored boys in the South, in a division which has recently been established with the colored youth of the nation! It is a program which reaches into the life and thought and feelings of every class and type of people, of every political and religious party in the United States, and is universal in its scope.

I do not know whether you can appreciate what four-million membership looks like. I cannot see that many people. The truth of the matter is, I never before in my life looked into the faces of an

*Address delivered at the Ninety-eighth Annual Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake Tabernacle, April 6, 1928.

audience so large as this. This is the largest inspiration that has ever come into my life in facing a group of representative men and women. But imagine, if you will, a group of four million boys and men. If you would gather that great group of boys and men on Long Island and march them, in single file, across Brooklyn Bridge and up Broadway and along the Storm King Highway to Albany and to Buffalo, on to Toledo, Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City and San Francisco, when you had gathered two hundred thousand Scouts at the Golden Gate, at the Palace of the Legion of Honor, with a marching column three thousand miles across this continent, you would still have more than two hundred thousand on Long Island that had not yet crossed Brooklyn Bridge. That is the membership of a movement, a crusade, a modern knighthood of youth that has spread throughout this land in the brief space of eighteen years, which adds to its membership a little more than one hundred thousand each year.

Scouting is not confined to America. In the eighteen years it has been saturating this country, scouting has reached out to the civilized world, and today we have a membership in the other nations which totals about four millions. Forty-three of our leading civilized nations have national Scout associations. Every four years they send representatives to the international jamboree, where a great concourse of boys (some fifteen to sixteen thousand) meet on the same common field, not a battle field, thank God, but on the field of friendly endeavor, to demonstrate the achievements of Scouting, in the forty-three civilized nations, which forms an international brotherhood, reaching out beyond the points of our mother-land, and gripping the hand of our brother Scouts in our brother-lands around the world. These Scouts of all nations are learning to be brothers, to understand one another, to respect one another, to sympathize with one another, and to look through the eyes of a brother Scout into the problems and lives and sympathies and rights of other Scouts and other nations the world around.

We believe that we are laying the foundation and furthering a movement of world brotherhood in this splendid, magnificent boy movement which has swept the nations of the world.

But Scouting is not confined to the forty-three nations. There are Scout troops in some twenty or more other nations, where there has not been sufficient organization, as yet, to establish a national organization, but Scout troops are there organized and are carrying out their method of Scouting in their own way, looking forward to the time when they will be sufficiently strong to organize a national association and become part of the international fellowship of Scouting. So the sun, in all its course, never ceases to shine upon the uniform of the Boy Scout of the nations of the world, and that is a

picture of this movement of Scouting throughout the world.

We have just produced a new handbook for boys, which went to the press in the first week of November, 1927. We ordered a half million copies as the first part of a million order. The printers were so much surprised at the size of the order that they looked into the record to find if any other order of its size had ever been given, and they found that it was the largest single order of any book or form that had ever been given to any publisher. We have already sold five hundred thousand copies, and the other day, before he left New York for San Francisco, Mr. West placed an order for two hundred thousand more copies of the new handbook, to satisfy a need that is evident within four months from the time that the book was given to the public. The old handbook went through thirty-seven editions in seventeen years, and three million one hundred thousand copies were circulated. There is only one other book in print that has had as wide a circulation among the people of any civilized land as our handbook, and that is the Christian Bible, the circulation of which is many times more than that of our handbook, but we hold second place.

I have indicated these high spots in the power and influence and rapid spread of Scouting only to impress your mind with the vitality of this movement. You have been aware of the vitality of the Church. I have also been aware of the vitality of the Church. I have read several of the books on "Mormonism." I have been impressed with your method of organization. I have been impressed with your rapid spread. I have been more impressed by what I have seen and felt here today than by anything I have ever read or seen of the vitality and power and onward sweep of the great Church of which you are a part.

I should like you to have a vision of the vitality of the Church and the vitality of Scouting tied up together in one union for the service of the youth of this nation. I should also like you to feel the power that can be carried forward through the combination of religion in the life of adults tied up with the program of vitality in the life of youth, so that the leadership and the power and example of adults can be brought to bear and made effective in the life of youth.

Scouting vitality may be accounted for on three counts: First, its appeal to the boy because of the great out-of-doors that it brings into his life, the skill, the information, the fun and the fellowship and all that goes into it, and its romance and friendship that makes it appeal to the boy. Scouting vitality is accounted for secondly on the basis of its appeal to men because of the physical benefits and vocational guidance, the clean reception, the clean read-

ing program, the citizenship training, the character building, the initiative, the courage, the manhood and the recognition that bring into the lives of boys those principles which make reliable citizens. There you have two appeals. But there is a third one, which many people do not see, and that is the appeal which Scouting makes to the institutions which carry on this program as a part of their programs; for you must realize that Scouting does not go out to the world to propagate itself. It is propagated by those who believe in it, and those who believe in it and carry it forward, in a great majority of cases, are those who make up the churches of America. It has been my responsibility and supreme opportunity to be the liaison between the Boy Scout movement and the churches of all states in this land, and I have had a delightful fellowship with men of all religions and all faiths and creeds and have been able to help tie into the program of the various church bodies the activities which Scouting offers in better service to their boyhood.

We believe that Scouting has succeeded in America. We not only believe but we know it has succeeded in America far beyond its success in any other country; so much so that we can match the entire Scouting population of all the races of the world with our Scouting population, because of the fact that the churches of America have taken Scouting and made it a part of their program in the service to youth. More than sixteen thousand of our twenty-seven thousand Scout troops are in churches. The church furnishes the leadership; it furnishes the places in which to meet; it furnishes supervision; it names the troops; it names the Scoutmaster, and the local church controls the Scout program through its own leadership. They administer the leadership; they sponsor and carry on that program. The Boy Scout movement has started out to carry on a program gathered around a certain ideal, a beautiful conception of an ideal,—a soul; and that soul is expressed in the Scout oath involved, and will make the movement live.

The churches of America have supported our movement because they feel that the soul of Scouting, as expressed in the Scout oath and law, is thoroughly in line with the objectives of the church. For example, at the north pole of the Scouting compass, we have placed, duty to God; at the point of the rising sun, we have placed, duty to country; at the point of the genial south, we have placed, duty to our fellow-men; and at the point of the setting sun, duty to self. And these are the words of the Scout Oath:

"Upon my honor I will do my best—
"1. To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law.
"2. To help other people at all times.
"3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

Between duty to God and duty to country, a Scout is trustworthy, loyal and helpful.

Between duty to country and duty to others, a Scout is friendly, courteous and kind.

Between duty to others and duty to self, a Scout is obedient, cheerful, and thrifty.

Between duty to self and duty to God, a Scout is brave, clean and reverent.

And there you have, swinging around the Scout compass, the sixteen points, beginning with duty to God, and coming back again to duty to God, in the twelve Scout laws. So the ideal of Scouting and the objective and aim of the church are one. And so the church has taken Scouting to its bosom to carry forward its program.

There are four or five reasons why the church offers the best home to the Boy Scout troops. I should like to name these and further impress upon you the responsibility you have, as leaders of the church, to carry out in the lives of these boys in the church the spiritual program you have for your boys, and supplement the activities program which Scouting offers to them.

The church is the best home for a Scout troop, first, because it has the moral and spiritual atmosphere in which boys should grow up. As no other institution, it has the soul and spirit life which surrounds the place and which surrounds the boy whose life centers in the church. Then again the church has the man power with the right character, the right spirit, the right vision, who are worthy to be leaders of boys; and that character and that spirit and that vision are more important to the boys than are all the skill and information you can ever get over through the Scout handbook or any other handbook you may find. In the third place, because of the spiritual atmosphere and the right example of men, the church in the community has the confidence of fathers and mothers in the community as no other institution has that confidence; and, because of that, it will have the support of fathers and mothers in a community as no other movement will have. In the fourth place, the church can complete in the lives of these boys a program of religious education which Scouting cannot give. We deal with the great body of the Catholic church and are officially represented in their circles, and our program is carried forward under the supervision of their cardinals, archbishops and bishops. We are represented also in about thirty or forty of the protestant denominations in America, and our program is carried forward by them to their groups. We are also represented in the Jewish groups of America by their committee, and so on. We cannot let the Boy Scout movement pass out anything of a definitely religious program to these groups, but expect these

groups to take up our program of activities and carry it alongside, and tie in with it, and bring to bear upon the lives of their own boys, the spiritual message, the spiritual ideals, the spiritual life, the religious life of the church of which the troop is a part.

But there is another reason why we want our Scouting tied into the church, and that is because of the thought, that no matter how effective a Scouting program may be in the lives of boys, we know it is a temporary program, which may serve the boy in the period of his youth and early adolescence, as he grows to manhood, but it is only a brief record. You know, if you take a man along that period, ever so well, for two or three years, and leave him there without support and without foundation, without anything to help him to carry on, you have not done him any more service than if you started to carry a man across the country, to a town beyond, and lost him in the prairie or in the woods, or marooned him on a desert island. That is not helping a man to attain his destiny.

But what has the church? The church has a program that ministers for the boyhood under its mother arm, that carries on through his growing period of life to manhood and maturity and old age and down to the grave. The church has a program that ministers all the way along. Scouting is brief in its period with the boy. If we can tie up Scouting with a boy, we will tie up the boy with his church and with his God, and then this program will carry on in his life, and the church will be there to sustain and bless and support him to the end and out into the life to come.

One last word and I am through. I am happy to bring you word that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is using the Boy Scout program in a larger way than any other church in existence. I am happy to tell you that there are 846 troops among the Latter-day Saints; that you have a larger per capita of Scouts in your membership than any other religious body on record. I am happy also to tell you that, in the State of Utah, you have a larger percentage of Scouts in the boy population than any other state. And I am happy also to tell you that the reason for this is because you have a closer tie-in and community correlation with Scouting in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints than in any other church as a church body. You have absolutely correlated and included Scouting with your program for young boys. I am happy to say also that a large part of that success is due to the fact that you have had a leadership in your Church, in the personality of Mr. Oscar A. Kirkham and Mr. Datus E. Hammond and other executives, sponsored by your able President and members of the Council of Twelve, sponsored also by your local bishops, and carried on by your local wards and stakes throughout this country, that

has given a volunteer and a loyal leadership and support that is unequalled by any other religious body in America. And I say that because I know, because I study the records of all of them. I close by saying that I pray God that, through our Lord Jesus Christ, the work of Scouting and youth in this Church may be carried on and live forever.

Friends in High Places

Supplementing the words of praise found in the foregoing address by Ray O. Wyland, the *Era* is able to present to its readers the following letter, which is self-explanatory:

Mr. Hubert S. Martin,
Boy Scout Association,
25 Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S. W. 1, England.

My dear Mr. Martin:

We are in receipt of your letter of February 27th enclosing copies of two letters addressed to you from Mr. F. M. Hoffman of Austria, inquiring whether Mr. Arthur Gaeth is a properly accredited representative of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Austria.

We wrote to Hon. George Albert Smith, one of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, who is directly in charge of the missionary work of the Church among young people, and have received a letter, dated April 25, 1928, in which Mr. Smith makes the following statement:

"We have no one working in Scouting under our direction in Austria appointed by this office, but we do have missionaries in Germany, Austria, Switzerland and in all the European countries who have been Scouts in this country. They know how valuable the Scouting program is to a growing boy.

"We would be glad to have our young men in Europe look after the boys who belong to our Church and assist the boys of other churches, if desired; but where there is no regular Scout organization, it is difficult for them to contact with some indivduals who are in charge over there. Not only is it difficult in Austria for our people to function as they would like, but we are also having difficulty in Norway. I am enclosing for you a copy of a letter from Norway that will explain itself.

"Wherever our missionaries are working in Europe there will be those among them who will be glad to assist in developing the Scout program for the benefit it would be to the boys. These missionaries remain only a short time—two or three years—when they are replaced by others. If it were possible for the Scout organizations across the sea to understand the good that would be derived by their boys if our earnest and capable young men were permitted to work with them in Scouting, something worthwhile would be accomplished."

I am enclosing a copy of a letter from President Lorenzo W. Anderson of the Norwegian mission. You will gather from this letter and from the statement by Mr. George Albert Smith that our friends in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are having some difficulty in getting the cooperation of the Scout organizations in the various European nations. We can fully understand how this would occur in any country where strong religious prejudices exist. We are sometimes handicapped with a similar situation here in America.

I am very happy to report, however, a most successful cooperation with the leaders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints here in America. Here it is our policy to have each religious body accept the Scout program as it is and promote it among their constituency as a supplementary program to the established program of the Church. On this basis all religious groups are using the Scouting program with a large degree of satisfaction to themselves and with great benefit to their boys. For a number of years a majority of the troops registered with the Boy Scouts of America have been church troops and there has been a slight increase in this majority during the past five years. It is interesting to note that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints leads all other churches in the high percentage of its boys who are registered with the Boy Scouts of America. Likewise, the state of Utah, where a majority of the population are affiliated with this Church, leads all other states in the percentage of boys who are Scouts.

We are convinced that there is no other church which has given more intelligent and effective supervision to its Scout troops than has been true of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Moreover, we have not met anywhere in our church relations a finer group of men than are found among the leaders of this Church.

We hope that you will convey this information to the Scout officials of European countries who raise a question as to the opportunity for cooperation with this Church and its leaders. Any good word that you may speak for these splendid people we will greatly appreciate. If you desire further information, we hope you will not hesitate to ask for any that we have or can secure for you.

With hearty good wishes, I am

Cordially and sincerely yours,
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA
J. E. WEST,
Chief Scout Executive.

SCOUTING AND THE FARM BOY

Under date of July 6, Oscar A. Kirkham, Associate Regional Executive, Region 12, received a signed copy of agreement on the cooperative working plan between the Boy Scouts of America, Department of Rural Scouting for Region 12 and local Boy Scout Councils of Utah, and the Extension Service Department of the Agricultural College of Utah.

Commenting on this achievement, Mr. O. H. Benson, director of the Department of Rural Scouting in America, makes the following statement: *"This makes Utah the first state to have completed the state-wide cooperative agreement* with the Boy Scouts of America and the State College of Agriculture. I am glad that this has been completed and hope that we can work up similar plans in other states." Mr. Benson continues:

"Most of the books, articles and programs, written for boy needs and about boys are based upon surveys, studies and investigations about boys and urban and town environment; likewise, most of the service and leadership of our boyhood has been given to urban groups. Efforts have been made by special leaders and educators to study rural boys, but here, much of the effort has been wasted because we have approached the new field in an old way by trying to prove that rural boys are like the

city boys, or 'all boys are alike,' and often leaders have approached the problem with bias and would try to prove that what they said, wrote or advocated is true. Our aim is to stimulate thought, study and consideration on the part of those who are honestly seeking understanding of the rural boy as a basis for safe procedure in program making and leadership of farm boys.

"Free or leisure time of farm boys is made up of hours when the boy may 'do as he pleases.' This free time represents many hours during a year. They come at irregular intervals, such as rainy and stormy days, between chores, odd moments at noon or meal time and free time given as an award by parents for 'well doing;' 'having a job finished ahead of time,' or time off between haying or husking, or time between rush periods. These periods come at different times, due to a diversity of farm enterprises engaging the time of the farmer and different climatic conditions in the states. This 'off time' affords a splendid opportunity for camp time and Scout advancement. Evening hours at home, undisturbed by city influences, make for some of the best available 'free time' for Scout training. Every farm boy in Scouting should make much of his home or family circle for Scouting. Get the whole family interested in Scouting."

The foreword in this program of cooperation gives the general purposes and scope of the work.

"In view of the fact that the ultimate aim of both cooperative agencies is to render helpful services to all farm families and to develop a better and more efficient rural citizenship, all work with and for farm boys should develop better character, greater citizenship, more farm contentment and happiness through trained men and an adequate income.

"The officials in charge of the work representing Rural Scouting and 4-H Club work believe that a greater number of farm boys may be reached and the boys given a broader and better training by adherence to this program of cooperation."

A detailed program is being sent forward to all Scout leaders and 4-H Club leaders in the State of Utah.

My Genius

When I can tell you what I feel,
  In words and smiles and deeds,
When I can glimpse your heart's ideal
  And comprehend its needs;
Be it in verse or text or song,
  Or daily things I do,
When I can break convention's thong
  And bare my soul to you,
I shall have found my genius then
  Amid the world's unrest;
For genius is the soul of men,
  Unfettered and expressed.

Mesa, Arizona BERTHA A. KLEINMAN

The Power of Personality

By Herbert D. Brown

I KNEW a young man, a number of years ago, who was living in a small town in one of our "Mormon" communities.

He had been born and reared in the Church, educated in a Church school, had filled a mission, and was holding a position of honor in the ward where he lived. He was very energetic, perhaps too much so; whatever he started to do you might be sure would be thoroughly done. But, as is the case with many of our young men, the consciousness of his ability caused him, at times, to feel that he could have done things just a little better than they were being done by the bishop or others. Nevertheless, David was a good young man.

A trivial personal difficulty arose between him and his bishop which, through foolish pride and stubbornness, grew into a serious feeling of bitterness, and at a ward conference David voted against the bishop and, as a result, was publicly reprimanded by the president of the stake for this action. This hurt his vanity to such an extent that he resigned his ward position, sold his home and moved away.

Locating in a town, where there was no ward organization, he went into business with a man who was not a member of the Church. David prospered financially and made many friends, some of them none too good morally. As he had no opportunity of attending his Church duties, he allowed his energies to be turned in the opposite direction and soon became a member of a club where card playing was the chief occupation. This led to smoking and drinking and it was not long before he was spending all of his spare time at the club and saloons.

Three years went by and David gradually became more careless, and dissipated in spite of the earnest remonstrances of his friends. During all this time, however, the consciousness of wrongdoing was drawing at his heart, but his stubbornness was too deep-seated to permit of any change.

One Sunday morning he heard that a meeting was to be held for the purpose of organizing a ward in the town, and, out of curiosity more than anything else, he was one of the congregation which filled the hall.

The presiding officer was a man of vast experience and mighty faith. Though David did not know him personally he had heard enough to know that this was a man of God.

After the prayer, and while the congregation was singing the

second song, the president stepped from the stand, walked down the aisles to where David sat and tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "I want to see you out in the hall." David was so surprised that he walked out automatically, wondering what it was all about. As he stepped into the hall the president turned to him and said: "I am going to organize a new ward here in a few minutes. I want you for one of its officers. If you take the place you know what you will have to do. You have thrown away three years of your life and I don't need to tell you whether you have been right or wrong. I am a man of few words and am going to give you five minutes to think it over."

David was dumbfounded. Several years of his past life came in review before him. He saw what the Gospel had done for him and what he had been doing in return. It seemed hours that the president's eyes were looking through him before he heard the words, "The time is up. What is the answer, yes or no?" The answer finally came, "Yes," and the two walked back into the room and upon the stand.

I met David again a few years later. We walked down the street together. As we passed the club and the saloon where he used to spend his time, I asked how he had managed to overcome his former habits. He laughed and said: "Oh, it was no trouble. I have never been inside one of them since; I have been too busy for such things. Do you know, when I stop to think of what that president did, it is really funny. I believe there is not another man on earth who could have persuaded me to do what he did. But when he looked into my eyes, there was no need for words. I knew what God wanted me to do. The president's personality was so overpowering, so masterful, that I knew I could not do anything else. I have met many men in my life, and as you know I have a strong will of my own, too strong, perhaps, but never before nor since have I experienced the feeling I had during that five minutes out in the hall with that servant of the Lord. I know how the Prophet Joseph felt when the angel told him what he was to do during his lifetime. No matter what happens to me in the future, I shall always know that I was called of God to that position. It has made a man of me, and has made me try to develop the same personality as the president had that Sunday morning. Oh, yes," he added, "did I tell you that I am leaving for Europe in two weeks, to fill another mission?"

Ogden, Utah.

Sandy

By J. A. Washburn

"Ah, come on, Sandy. They can get along. Your dad'll let you go. Come on!"

"It's no use," the boy replied, shaking his yellow head emphatically. "It's no use. I can't go now. The foreman has brought one of the herders in, sick, and I've got to help with the sheep till he can find another. It's duty before pleasure, you know, fellows." And what good Scout can deny that?

So, Troup 9 with Scoutmaster Mac, began their journey toward the canyon. They were a glum lot, the members of troup 9, as they moved away. The joy of the trip was gone, for Sandy was the life of the crowd.

"Maybe I'll come later," he called to them. "The herd is not far from the lake, and, if I can, I'll come over in a few days," he waved with little enthusiasm, and they were gone. To see them go without him was a test not given in the hand book.

You never can tell what is in the future. The best laid schemes of mice and men often go wrong. The poet who suggested that didn't mention Scouts but they were included just the same. And, so, it happened that Sandy had to stand on the street corner and see the boys leave for their late summer camp at Granddaddy Lake.

But, sometimes, fate is not unkind. A catastrophe may breed blessings. Jonah was swallowed by a whale only to be coughed up on dry land. Jacob, fleeing from the wrath of his brother, found a sweetheart by the well of Haran.

The crisp September breeze whistled through the pines as Sandy and the foreman jogged single file along the winding trail. Just before sundown they reached the top of the high ridge. The air had become cooler, and in the north fleecy clouds were drifting across the sky. Away to the east might be seen the Uintah Basin with its scattered villages nestling among the hills. The mountain on the opposite side of the canyon was dotted with patches of purple and gold, marking the early path of Jack Frost, while the Bah! Bah! Bah! of the flock was wirelessed across as the sheep sauntered to the bed ground.

Sandy breathed deeply of the bracing air as he scanned the scene. "What a wonderful old world!" he thought. "Blue skies, and mountains, and trees, and—,"

"Hey, Sandy," yelled Rass from half way down the mountain. "That aint camp, its down by them sheep. "

It was dark when they reached camp. Old Spooks, the sheep dog, greeted them with a succession of barks and whines.

"How have ya minded the flock ya noisy houn'?" asked Rass. "Did ya leave the varments to look after 'em? Sandy, you start a fire while I walk around a bit." He disappeared into the darkness to return a few minutes later.

"Good work, Spooks!" he commended. "The bells is all here anyhow; but it's too dark to be sure about the blacks."

Twice during the night Rass crawled out to investigate troubles on the bed ground. The sheep were restless and he had to fire several shots before they finally settled down.

"Prowlers," growled the man as he rolled in for the last time. "They're troublesome these nights."

Next morning they were up and had breakfast early. One of the black sheep was missing which meant that any number might be gone with it.

"You foller 'em, Sandy," said Rass, as the last of the herd left camp. "Just stick 'round where ya can see 'em. About noon they'll settle down, then you can come and get some dinner. I'm goin' to look for the strays and call on herd No. 1 down the canyon yonder; but I'll

be back before night." Then he rode out of sight among the trees.

Sandy spent the day as directed, watching the sheep, climbing mountains, building fires (which he was always careful to put out), surveying the country through field glasses, and, on the whole, having a most enjoyable time. Soon after sundown, Rass returned but brought no sheep. Together they counted the "markers." All the bell sheep were there, and strange to say, all the blacks—he had picked up the runaways during the day.

The second night passed with little trouble. Next morning Rass left for town for provisions and to bring back the new herder. Sandy spent the day much as before. Toward evening he noticed Spooks intently sniffing the ground. A careful examination revealed a track. It was like a dog's track, but larger. The animal had recently gone along the ridge just above camp.

"There's no dog can make a track as big as that, Spooks," he said. "Of course not, but I know what it is. I'm sure he was near camp last night—its a mountain lion." Spooks doubtless agreed, but he just sat there and sniffed the air. Sandy wasn't afraid, but he was glad Rass would be back before night.

By sundown the flock was at camp. Sandy counted the "markers" and was relieved to find all present. He built a fire and prepared supper, but Rass failed to appear. He became a little nervous, not that he was afraid, for he had camped alone before—but it was different tonight. He ate a few bites and meted out a generous portion to Spooks. It was pitch dark and Rass had not come. But, of course, he would come before long—delayed a bit in finding the new herder.

Sandy replenished the fire, whistled, sang a little—though his voice seemed somewhat cracked, talked to Spooks, and tried to think; but his think-box was out of commission. He wondered what his pals were doing over at Granddaddy Lake. He surely would have liked to be with them.

It seemed that hours had passed, and, still he was alone. Alone with Spooks, the sheep, and—those pesky tracks! They were everywhere; on the ground, in the fire, the tent, he simply could not get them out of his mind. He had never seen a cougar; but he had heard his father tell about them; how they could carry off sheep, calves, and colts. Anyhow, just the name and the tracks were enough.

It must have been near midnight when he gave up hopes of Rass. The sky was dark with clouds, and the jerky light of the campfire threw dismal shadows among the trees back of the tent. He took the rifle, threw a shell into place, filled the magazine and buckled the belt around him.

"He'll never get a lamb, Spooks, as long as these bullets last!" he said confidently to his companion. "I guess we're doomed to stay alone, so here goes." Screwing up his courage, he walked along the hillside above the sheep. They were resting peacefully. There was not a sound save the sighing of the wind through the trees and an occasional tinkle of a sheep bell. Returning to the tent, he fixed the fire and rolled in, boots, gun and all.

He finally fell asleep still clutching the gun. How long he had slept, didn't matter, for something had happened. He was not sure just what, but Spooks was making the night hideous with his yells and the sheep were stampeding up the hill. The first Sandy could remember, he was trying to round them in, shooting in all directions and yelling louder than the dog.

An hour passed and most of the sheep were back on the bed ground again. Refilling the magazine, he prepared to encircle the herd. Below camp, a hundred yards or so, was a small patch of willows. As he neared the spot something attracted his attention. It proved to be a dead sheep. Near it were many more. It was getting light and he had no trouble finding the tracks of the invader. Sure enough, there they were—the big dog tracks.

Returning to the tent, he prepared and ate a hasty bite; then, sat down to think. For some cause Rass had been delayed and might not be back before night. What should he do, follow the beast, or wait

until someone came? If he waited, chances were in favor of the lion—he might soon be out of reach. If he followed immediately, there was a possibility of at least seeing him. While he had no particular hope of killing the animal, a few random shots would probably scare him away. Another thrilling thought was taking shape—what an adventure to relate to his brother Scouts when he met them again!

"Tough luck, Spooks," he remarked to the dog. "All these sheep killed and the murderer at large."

"So it is," wagged Spooks. "If you had shot at the lion instead of at everything else, you might have got him."

The last of the sheep were leaving the ground, so, shouldering his gun, he followed. He observed that the cougar had gone down the canyon, the tracks were plain enough now. More than that, there were lines along the trail first on one side, and then on the other. He had actually carried off a sheep. Sandy felt his heart hammering against his fifth rib. Spooks sniffed the air and whined.

A quarter of a mile below, the gulley narrowed to a deep gorge about seven feet wide with perpendicular sides. The lion had gone straight across. Sandy detoured and came out in a little ravine some distance below. He soon found the trail again which wound hither and thither among brush and over rocks. Half an hour passed and he reached the top of a ridge. The tracks headed down the other side toward a bluff. He examined the gun to be sure that everything was ready.

"Thump! thump!" his heart pounded and a freezy feeling ran up and down his back. The trail became dangerous as he proceeded along the ledge among great boulders.

"Woof! woof!" The knock at his fifth rib suddenly stopped and his hair went straight up. He whirled and threw the gun to his shoulder. It was only Spooks coughing up a spear of grass which had lodged in his throat.

"Don't do it again," gasped Sandy, "or you'll surely get shot."

A little farther on the trail suddenly ended and he found himself in front of a hole leading back among the rocks. Spooks growled furiously and Sandy stepped back to a safe distance. The hole proved to be a small cave caused by a fault in the mountains. The animal's tracks were plainly to be seen in the little patches of sand, as he had taken refuge in the cavern. What was to be done? Sandy could never wait until the lion came out, for it might be hours and the sheep must be looked after. On the other hand, it would never do to take a chance on leaving without him—it might mean the loss of more sheep.

"There is no time like the present," he thought.

The next moment he was peering into the cave. Spooks growled and showed his teeth. Sandy threw a rock into the darkness, but there was no sound save the echo. Cocking the gun, he edged his way into the hole, the dog close at his heels. There was not a sound and nothing in sight. The cavern grew darker and darker, as he advanced. A little further, his foot struck something soft—his knees smote together and a sickening feeling possessed him. It proved to be the remains of the dead sheep. He was about to move on, when,

"G-r-r-r-r-r!" the darkness and terror of the cave roared at him.

His head struck the stones and he was nearly blinded, while his whole frame shook from top to toe. Spooks turned demon and filled the cave with his barks and yells as he dashed up and down past the terror-stricken boy.

Out of the darkness peered two green eyes not fifteen feet away. Automatically, Sandy raised his gun and fired. The tumult increased and the stifling air became thick with dust. Stiff with terror, he leaned against the wall, and felt his strength give way as he slipped to the floor.

* * * *

Soon after sun-up Rass rode into camp with Bill Sweaney, the new herder. Together they unpacked the animals, prepared and ate breakfast.

"What's that down by the willers, Bill?" asked Rass.

"Sure, and it's some dead sheep," answered Bill, and the two men hurried to the spot. In an instant the trained eye of the foreman detected the source of trouble, and, at the same moment, noticed that Sandy's tracks were on top of the cougar's trail.

"The fool kid has follered him," exclaimed Rass. "Bring the guns, quick. We must overtake him before he gets hurt."

The men hurried down the canyon. They had little trouble keeping the trail, so lost no time in the chase. In half the time Sandy had used, they reached the cave just as Spooks came bounding out. Rass took in the situation at a glance, and plunged in, followed by Sweaney. Choked with dust and their eyes unaccustomed to the darkness, they were compelled to wait a moment. All was as silent as the tomb. By the aid of matches they grouped their way farther in. At last they came to Sandy. He looked bewildered as the men turned his face to the light.

"Ya blunderin' blatherskite of a know-nothin'!" roared Rass. "What in thunder ya doin' here? Didn't I tell ya to mind the sheep? Instead of that, ya go follerin' lions down their hole. I've a good mind to leave ya here, for ya ain't safe to turn loose in town. No one but a lunertick would do a fool thing like this."

"He killed some sheep," groaned Sandy.

"Sure, and it's a wonder he didn't kill you, too," said Bill.

Sandy crawled out of the cave while the two men followed dragging the cougar. A beauty he was, too, nearly seven feet, tip to tip.

* * * *

"Rass," said Sandy as they were eating dinner. "I think I'll go over to Granddaddy Lake this afternoon, now that Bill has come to stay with the sheep."

"Any ole time ya like," was the answer. "I'm at your service. Ya can take the hull camp if ya want to."

"I just want you and a fresh mutton," continued the boy. "Do you think you could stuff that lion hide with something and make it stand up like it was alive?"

Bill looked at the boss and winked. "Can we? begosh, an' I can make him walk. Just you leave it to me," he laughed.

At four o'clock p. m., Rass and Sandy started for Grandaddy Lake, driving a pack mule. In every direction spread the great forest of pines yet untouched by the hand of man; while above them towered the snowcapped peaks of the Wasatch range. After an hour and a half's ride, they halted on a flat just above the timber line. Taking out his glasses, Rass surveyed the country. To the north, were streams tributary to Bear River, which found their way to Bear Lake and, thence, to Great Salt Lake, America's Dead Sea. On the south, were the waters which helped to form Duchesne, Green, and Colorado rivers, flowing toward the Pacific. Below them, and a quarter of a mile to the west, spread the crystal surface of Granddaddy Lake. Dismounting, they took off part of the pack, after which Sandy continued the journey alone leading the pack mule.

"Listen!" cried Lynn Jones suddenly, as half a dozen boys strolled in. The Scouts were all attention.

From far up the mountain side among the pines came the shrill yelp of a coyote. Immediately it was answered by another along the shore of the lake.

"Who's out?" asked Lynn, surveying the crowd.

"Only Mac," answered George Powell.

"That might have been him down by the lake, but who is it up in the timber?"

"Most likely it's Sandy," suggested Tad Andrews.

"Listen, I'll answer them!" and he proceeded to imitate the call of a coyote.

From somewhere in the distant mountain top, came the faint but clear answer. The boys held their breath. This was a third one, but farther away.

"Try it again!" urged Lynn.

This time it was answered from a few hundred yards up the mountain.

'He's coming, whoever it is," said

George as Sandy appeared in an opening among the trees.

"That's the most excitement we've had since we came up here," said Tad as they all greeted Sandy. "I'm just dying for something to happen."

"I'll bet you would die if something did happen," observed Mac, who came in carrying a string of trout.

"Ha, ha," laughed Lynn, the torment. "Did you see him grow white around the gills, and his knees shake?"

"Oh, shucks," retorted Tad, "who'd be scared of a coyote? Didn't I catch one in a trap list winter?"

"Of course, nobody would be afraid of a coyote in a trap," jeered George.

"Hello, what's that?" Mac stopped suddenly. It was the call from the top of the mountain again. "That's a real coyote," he continued. "Sounds pretty lonesome, don't it?"

Sandy smiled. He was sure it was Rass, not a coyote, that they heard.

The supper that night was no small spread; crisp, brown trout fried in butter; roast potatoes, and fat, tender mutton, spitted on sticks before the fire. Every fellow did his duty.

"Saw a cougar track today," informed Mac. "He crossed the stream at the north end of the lake not more than two days ago."

"Gee, I'd like to see one." The impetuous Tad was all excitement.

"The track'd be enough for you, all right," laughed Lynn.

"I didn't mean a track," corrected Tad. "I mean a real, live cougar."

"Believe me, I ain't lost any cougars," ejaculated George, "and what's more, I'm not hunting any with a twenty-two."

"Pshaw," scoffed Tad, "there's nothing to be afraid of about cougars. They'll not fight unless you get 'em cornered."

"It's about bed time," remarked Sandy, after they had discussed plans for the morrow. "Wonder what our neighbor is doing up there in the mountains. Believe I'll give him a call!" Cupping his hands around his mouth, he uttered a succession of shrill yelps ending in a prolonged howl. This he repeated several times, then all listened. From somewhere near the snowbanks, far above them, came a dismal answer followed by one half way up the mountain in another direction.

"Two of 'em," cried Mac. "I wonder how many more? I'll bet they make a raid on some sheep camp before morning."

An hour or more passed and everybody was in bed and quiet. Assuring himself that the boys were all asleep, Sandy carefully crawled out, collected all the guns and removed them to a safe place; then started toward the timber. Some distance from camp, he heard the hoot of an owl. He answered it and received another in return. In a few moments he and Rass were planning together.

"Say, he looks like a real, live lion. Bill sure made a good job of it!" exclaimed Sandy as he again viewed the stuffed hide of the cougar he had killed that morning, and which Rass had brought with him. "Now, we must get it down near camp where they can find it. I hope Tad sees it first!" He chuckled at the thought.

Carrying the monster down, they placed him in a little clearing not more than twenty-five yards from the fire.

"Now, kid, you hike back to bed," ordered Rass, "and when things get lively around camp, be sure there ain't no shootin'."

"Don't worry about that, I've already hid the guns," assured Sandy. "Remember, Rass, you are to make it hot for Tad. He wanted to see a live cougar, and we got to show him one, see?" The boy hurried back to bed to await developments.

Rass Marshall was a pure-bred mountaineer. Early in life he had become a shepherd, and for a number of years past had been the foreman of Andrew Phillips' herd. His life had, therefore, been spent in the mountain, and unconsciously he had become acquainted with the calls and habits of every animal native to that section. He had taken a great liking to Sandy because of the boy's courage and dependability, and after the stirring events of the morning had fallen whole-heartedly into the scheme

for providing some excitement for the boys camped at Granddaddy Lake.

The cougar skin stuffed with weeds and grass, and with sticks to hold it up, was a perfect though harmless specimen. It was sure to create a stir in camp when discovered. Expectant as a boy, Rass took his station near the cougar, and immediately things began to happen. Several times he emitted the cougar's shrill cry, the echoes vibrating across the lake and ending in the distance. Sandy, watchful in camp, saw Mac turn over in bed, while Tad sat up and stared into the darkness.

"Sandy, Sandy," whispered George, his bed-fellow, as he nudged him in the ribs with his elbow. "Sandy, did you hear that noise?"

"What noise?" Sandy yawned and rubbed his eyes. Tad had lain down and covered up his head. By this time most of them were awake and some were sitting up. Again they heard the sound which seemed farther away and in another direction.

"What is it?" asked George.

"I don't know," answered Mac. "It sounds almost like a child's scream. It's pretty close whatever it is."

"I've heard 'em say," informed Rob Smith, "that a mountain lion sounds like a child crying."

"Where is Tad?" asked Lynn. "He wanted to see a live cougar and now's his chance."

"There he is, in bed with his head covered up," someone said, and the boys proceeded to drag him out. Once more the screams rent the air—this time not more than fifty yards away. Tad jumped across the fire nearly knocking Mac over.

"It seems to me," remarked Sandy, "we better get dressed and prepare for a scrap. I guess he's after the mutton."

"Throw it out to him," suggested Lem Wilson. "If he gets that, maybe he'll vamose."

"Every fellow into his clothes!" commanded Mac, and there was a general scrambling.

At that moment Sandy saw a special opportunity. Tad and Lem slept under a pine just back of a bunch of willows. Creeping unobserved toward them, he got within a few feet of the boys as they were pulling on their shoes. Shaking the willows, he growled ferociously. Tad landed ten feet away, while Lem said some unbecoming things. Just then the cougar's cry was repeated on the opposite side of camp which brought everybody back around the fire in various stages of dressing.

"The woods are full of 'em," groaned Tad. "Where's the guns? A twenty-two'd be better than nothing."

"Yes, where are they?" asked George. But a thorough search failed to bring them to light.

"That's strange about the guns," remarked Mac. "They were all here when we went to bed, for I saw some of them standing against that tree. I wonder if somebody from—," he was saying, thoughtfully, when he caught an unmistakable wink from Sandy's eye. "Spooks, spooks, as well as cougars, they've carried off the guns," he finished.

The discussion was suddenly interrupted by the yelp of a coyote not more than a hundred yards along the shore of the lake.

"Cougars—spooks — coyotes!" gasped Lynn. "What else, I wonder? Where did the blamed things come from all at once? We're completely surrounded by 'em."

"We'd better build up the fire," suggested Sandy. "Tad, I'll bet you're afraid to go out and bring some wood!" he bantered.

"Not on your life," agreed Tad.

"Thought you wanted to see a cougar," Rob.

"I do, but I ain't hankering to meet him in the night," answered Tad.

"Come on, now, come on," taunted Sandy, "I'll go with you!" The wood was not more than twenty feet away, and, as they were picking it up, there was a sudden scrambling and scratching in the brush almost within reach. Tad rent the air with a yell as he rushed to the fire, leaving Sandy to bring in the wood

"I tell you what, boys, that son-of-a-gun's getting entirely too familiar to suit

me! I could almost touch him," gasped Tad.

"Touch nothing," said Sandy, as he threw the wood on the fire. "I didn't see anything."

"See! see!" roared Tad. "Neither did I see, but I heard and felt. Guess I can hear and feel, can't I?"

"Say fellows," said Lynn, "this thing is getting past a joke. We've got to find out what's the matter. Let's take blazing sticks for torches and scatter out. If some one is playing a joke, we'll catch him, and, if it's an animal, maybe it'll skidoo. Come on, what do you say to that?"

"W-h-o! w-h-o-o-o-o!" came the melancholy query of an owl from a tree near by.

"A whole menagerie!" whispered Sandy. "Cougars, spooks, coyotes, owls. Anyhow I'm ready for the torch parade," he continued selecting a good brand from the fire. Each one did likewise and stood ready for further orders.

"I'll go along the shore toward the coyote," offered Sandy.

"All right," assented Mac. "Each one of you choose your own route and report your findings."

"Report is right," murmured Tad. "If I see him, they'll hear me in town, you can bet on that."

"All this time, Rass was exceedingly busy hurrying through the brush from place to place, imitating cougars, coyotes, and owls. The night was dark, so it was an easy matter for him to watch the activities of the boys around the fire without being seen himself. He was a little puzzled, however, when he saw the torch brigade leave. It might mean discovery before he was ready. Hurrying back to the cougar, he took refuge under a bush near by. On came the boys, nearer and nearer. Two of them were headed straight toward him. At last, they were just opposite the bush not five steps away. Suddenly they stopped, and held up their torches. It was Tad and Rob—they discovered the cougar. Rass uttered a terrible growl. Flinging their torches, they bounded back to the fire where they met all the others.

"Cougar! cougar!" shrieked the terrified boys together. "He's right there in the brush, not twenty yards away! We saw and heard him."

"Trust Tad for seeing and hearing things. I'll bet they saw a stump," laughed Lynn.

"Who'll go with me after their torches?" asked Sandy.

"I will," offered Mac with a sly wink. "I'll go over the top with you."

They cautiously made their way to the torches, but there was not a sound or anything to be seen.

"They're bugs," said Lynn, as the two boys returned with the sticks. "I don't believe they saw anything. Let's try the round-up again, it's like playing run-sheep."

They disappeared in various directions as before. All went well for a few minutes, when, at the usual warning shriek, they all gathered quickly at the fire. It was Lynn who returned this time without his torch.

"Bugs, bugs," jeered Tad. I'll bet he saw a stump."

"I'm whipped, Taddy boy!" said Lynn. "You saw him all right, so did I. Believe me, he's ten feet long or more. Oh, no, Mac, it's no joke! It's a sure enough cougar."

"I'll tell you what, boys," said Mac. "We'll all go after Lynn's torch and look for tracks. That'll settle the question."

"Great idea," they all agreed as they moved away, each one trying to keep to the center. But, there were no tracks—not a thing to suggest the presence of a ferocious animal. Twenty minutes at least, had been spent without results, during which time Rass had not been idle.

"I'm beginning to think the place is haunted," said Lynn. "It must be the spirit of—," but he didn't finish for the terrifying scream came again, this time from the direction of the camp. They all stood breathless.

"What's to be done?" whispered George. He'll devour everything in camp.

I wish we'd thrown the mutton out to him to begin with."

"Come on, all of you," urged Mac. "We'll get to see him, at least."

They rushed forward, but suddenly stopped near the fire. Sure enough, there he was inside Mac's tent with his head poking out through the flaps. At sight of the crowd, he quickly withdrew inside.

After a breathless pause, Mac said, "We've got to get him out of there some way. How shall we begin?"

"Throw the mutton in," suggested one.

"Set fire to the tent," urged another.

"Send Tad in with a torch to run him out," offered Sandy. "There's nothing to be afraid of about a cougar."

"Not by a darn sight! I've had all I want of him," opposed Tad. "Go in yourself, if you're so brave. Come on, now, go on in! Daniel went into a lion's den and it didn't hurt him."

"Tell you what I'll do," said Sandy, "I'll go in if you will all stand by the door and get him when he comes out."

There was some hesitating about the proposition; but something had to be done, and this seemed the easiest way out of it.

"That's fair enough," said Mac, trying to look serious.

Sandy secured the best torch he could find, while each of the others armed himself with torch or club. They could hear the beast inside and see the tent shake as he switched his tail against its sides. Cautiously, they moved forward, but stopped near the door while Sandy plunged in.

What a battle! Once inside, the terrible beast—Rass Marshall—trapped in the strong walls of the tent, uttered blood-curdling cries, and refused to be driven forth. Round and round they fought, now on the ground, now in the air. Three times, the cougar's long tail switched under the tent, almost touching the feet of the braves outside, who immediately scattered with a commotion rivaling that within. By accident, Lynn dropped his fire-stick which fell across the back of Rob Smith's neck as he was stooping to recover a lost club. Rob doubled up on the ground, his language unbecoming to a Scout of good standing. In some unaccountable way, George had set fire to the seat of Tad's trousers which sent that worthy Scout flying through the air like a sky-rocket. Mac, almost bursting with subdued mirth, pounded the trunk of a tree with his fire-brand as if to frighten the monster away. Altogether, the exterior presented the appearance of a Fourth-of-July fire works.

All the time activities inside the tent increased. Groans, growls, and shrieks became deafening, while smoke and dust poured from every opening. At last, the tumult subsided and quietness prevailed within. At this point, Rass crawled under the back of the tent and took refuge in the brush nearby, unseen by any of the boys.

Mac threw back the flaps and seven Scouts gazed upon the ghastly scene. In the middle of the arena stretched the mountain lion, and upon his dead body Sandy sat, pale and panting.

Mohammed never had more ardent worshipers than the hero of this scene. Four of them dragged the monster out, when, lo, by the light of the fire, they saw the green grass and weeds protruding between the stitches which held his hide together.

Putting his fingers to his mouth, Sandy blew a long shrill blast which was answered from behind the tent, and Rass Marshall suddenly appeared, grinning from ear to ear.

Provo Utah.

Secrets

We go to sleep with our secrets,
We take with us joys and woes
And who on earth is the wiser
For things we have done—who knows?

Yet, see that those thoughts you've cherished
Be thoughts which enhance the soul.
Those secret thoughts you are holding
Will aid you to find your goal.

Hartford, Conn. CAROLINE PARKER SMITH

The Double Victory

By Carter E. Grant, Principal Jordan L. D. S. Seminary

On this particular warm July afternoon of which we are speaking, Salt Lake City lay half resting from the excitement of the big parade, staged by the "United Commercial Travelers of America." The much-advertised baseball game was now over and the victorious visitors were hurrying jovially back to town with the "U. C. T." colors floating gloriously. Up to one of the largest restaurants thronged the players, followed by an enthusiastic, noisy bunch of rooters, shouting their newest yells, arousing the town in general. Special tables with a fitting spread were awaiting the "ball tossers" and their immediate friends. As this big day happened some twenty years ago, there was to be added to the eats, all brands of cigars and cigarettes, as well as a "bit to drink" and then some more if desired.

George Standard, the tall, dark-complexioned pitcher, stood as the only "Utahn" on the "Travelers" picked team. His famous work of this day, however, had made him more attractive than all the other players combined. Although his tanned face wore a smile of satisfaction, still it held no trace of arrogance or conceit. He had recently grown rather familiar with approving applause and commendation, for he was fast being recognized as the champion twirler of the West; and as he shook hands so freely and unassumingly with all the travelers not one of them failed to praise him for his part in the day's big success.

This young man rightly should have been the mound star for the inter-mountain team, but due to his being cleverly tied-up several weeks in advance by the "U. C. T." he was duty bound to do his very best, which had resulted in the decisive victory for the visitors. But now that the game was over, and his check safely tucked away in his pocket, he wished he could break away and go home to his wife and baby. Such a suggestion, however, he knew would quickly be over-ruled at this time, so he fell in with the fellows, and at the earnest request of the manager, took his seat at the head of the table.

That George was being led more and more into this sort of company caused Mary, his wife, no little disturbance of mind. Just what would be the outcome of her husband's exceptional successes at pitching, she dared hardly imagine, especially as the papers recently had several times mentioned him as one of the coming "Big Leaguers." Only this very morning, while George decked himself in the "U. C. T." colors, Mary, baby in her arms, had poured out her soul to him. Still she wanted him to win, and knowing the value of an encouraging word she bade him good-bye, and then added feelingly, "Success to you, dear—remember your promise—Delbert and I'll be waiting and watching for you."

As the twelve or fifteen jolly "men of the world" began feasting, Standard's eyes glanced quickly from table to table. There wasn't a person in the room he had known before today. "I am almost glad," he reasoned to himself; "for when I mix up with an impulsive, emotional crowd like this, I don't care to have someone jumping at conclusions as to what I partake of. I've abstained before, and I guess I'll get through today all right."

"Which will you have, tea or coffee?" requested the waiter of the young man who sat at the head of the table.

"Well, I don't believe I'll have either," suggested George, quietly; and not until the other fellows were all served and the meal was half over, did the manager notice no "hot drinks" at Standard's plate. "Here, here!" he called to the waiter, "you've dropped out one of our crew on the tea and coffee stunt. What'll you have, George?"

"I'm not drinking either today, thank you. This cold milk just touches the right spot."

"Well," inquired the first baseman from toward the other end of the table, "do you never indulge—never?"

"Not very often," replied George without a falter.

"Say," exclaimed another with a bit of irony in his voice, "I'll bet Standard's a 'Mormon.'" Although it was said more as a joke than for any other reason, still George felt that the eyes of the entire crowd were upon him, and for a moment he tried hard to busy himself with eating so that no one would force an answer. The silence continued, however, until he felt himself duty bound to say something. Finally he remarked as calmly as possible, "Yes, sir, I'm a 'Mormon.' My grandfather was one of the first pioneers into this valley. Since you've brought up the subject of religion, I am just wondering which church each of you fellows belong to. Let's hear how many sects helped win that victory today?" and he sent his dark eyes quickly but interrogatively down the line of men on either side of the table. There was complete silence. Everyone knew it was not George's turn to speak, but none seemed anxious to announce his church. Finally to break the silence, which was becoming embarrassing, the manager half shouted, "Great Scott, can't some of you folks speak up and say which church, if any, you belong to? Now if Standard is a 'Mormon' and don't like tea or coffee, or beans or carrots or anything else, it seems he knows what's best for that arm of his, and we shouldn't care!" The crowd laughed whole-heartedly and soon the incident seemed to be forgotten.

As the hot drinks disappeared, cold foaming beer with wine and other liquors, took their place. George's glass stood at his plate filled to the brim, but untouched. Now followed a regular deluge of cigarettes and cigars. Something within George kept saying, "Oh, just take one cigar, light it, fuss around a bit, be one with your group; it will save you further questions. No one will know it. It won't hurt this once, take one!" Several of the very best brands of cigars were lying near his plate, but as his hand rested upon one, his wife and baby boy came floating in vision before his eyes. There they were, standing in the doorway looking down the street toward him. How anxious Mary appeared as she hugged the baby boy and then turned half downcast from his view. Immediately her last words rang loudly in his ears. "Success to you, dear—remember your promise—Delbert and I'll be waiting and watching for you." With a start George dropped the tobacco. As he looked about him, he felt stronger and wondered how the liquor, tobacco, and these other things could be so attractive, yes, fairly captivating, to all these hard-headed men.

Just then the manager, who was becoming rather jovial, exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, I've been taking notes on things, and I want our friend, Standard here, to tell us how on earth he succeeds in turning down all this 'forbidden fruit.' No tea, no coffee nor tobacco, and not a drop to drink stronger than milk. George, you're a puzzle! Come, tell us about it."

As all the men voiced assent to this suggestion, George had to give some explanation, at least. Just how to start before these men, he hardly knew, but he finally commenced, "Well, you see I was born a 'Mormon.' I guess that's had the most to do with it. Mother and father at home never drank tea nor coffee, neither did father ever use tobacco or liquor, and they always told me not to. They believed in what we call the 'Word of Wisdom.'"

"That's the 'Mormon' law I've been trying to think of," put in one salesman. "Don't you know, I've sold cigars to a merchant up in Ogden now these eight or ten years, and do you think I can ever get him to taste one of my very best cigars? No, he wouldn't do it for my whole trunk full! One day when we were talking, he explained to me his 'Word of Widsom.' And I've been trying and trying to think of the name of it ever since George said he was a 'Mormon.' This man up there swore on a stack of Bibles that every good member of his Church lived this law strictly. I've taken him out to dinners, and he

was just like Standard here, he'd never touch any of the 'forbidden fruit,' no, not a thing. And now what I've seen today almost makes me believe that the 'Mormons' are going to run us tobacco fellows plum out of business!" And then they all laughed. "Just the moment I saw George cut out the tea, etc., I said to myself, 'I'll just watch him, for I'll bet he belongs to the same order as my Ogden friend.' "

All eyes were now turned toward George again as he continued, "I lived home for more than twenty years and I never saw a cup of tea or coffee upon my mother's table, as a result I have never even so much as tasted it, and as for tobacco and liquor, they don't bother me at all."

"Well, what do you know about that!" echoed several voices at once. "No wonder," exclaimed the manager, "you pitched that ninth innings today as if you were just getting a good start!" And then he turned and faced the group, "Say fellows, if I had ten men that would live like Standard here, I could beat anything in this whole country!" and he swung his fat fist down on the table with emphatic energy.

"I'm surely interested," came a nasal voice, that as yet had not been heard, "I can't forget how Standard simply domesticated his Western friends today."

"Domesticated 'em!" laughed another, "that's putting it too mildly. Our evening paper back in Chicago would say something like this, 'Because Standard performed so marvelously for the Travelers the Inter-Mountain Bush Leaguers were swept completely off their feet. The young Wizard of the Rockies wholly subdued his old comrades. With his whirling curves and spinning shoots, Standard kept his opponents at his mercy constantly. He worried 'em with his bursting speed and then teased 'em with his slow faders until the crowd roared with amusement.' "

"This game today," began another, "reminds me of what happened once over in St. Louis." And when he had finished, several other men were ready with their favorite stories. As the time flew by, George, feeling that he now had the good will of the crowd, arose with, "Well fellows, I've an appointment with the wife and baby. I'd better be going."

A moment later, after a final handshake, he walked swiftly toward his street car, and whispered gratefully to himself, "I guess I've played a 'double-header' today! Who would have imagined that any of that bunch knew anything about our 'Word of Wisdom?' I wonder how a fellow is to know when he is being watched?"

Added On

Amid the Maytime splendor of Thy Garden,
O Father, thou hast sometime cared for me,
Mid fairer than the lily fields of Arden,
Lo! I have walked and I have talked with Thee.
The May is past, the world is bleak December,
Amid the tares and tanglewood I stray,
I have forgotten. Wilt Thou still remember,
And lead me back along the narrow way?

I know, O Father, in Thy matchless Garden,
That Thou must mourn the absent ones who roam,
And seven-fold I know that Thou wilt pardon
And take my hand to lead me safely home;
Thy glory waits its fullest consummation
Till I retrace the by-ways I have gone.
'Tis thus, O Father, in my exaltation,
Thy Godliness and might are added on!

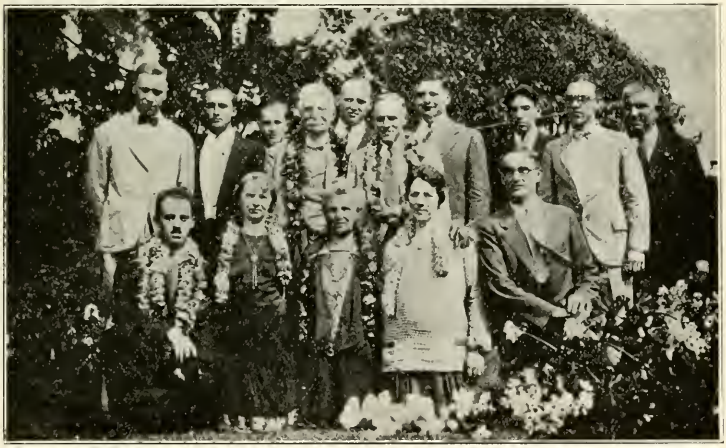
Mesa, Arizona BERTHA A. KLEINMAN

Messages from the Missions

"It is the man who is the missionary, it is not his words. His character is his message."—*Drummond.*

Conference in a Historic Hawaiian Village

More than three-quarters of a century ago, George Q. Cannon did considerable missionary work in Lahaina, on the island of Maui, Hawaii. This was one of the first places in which the restored Gospel was preached, and the early-day elders had experiences greatly resembling those had by the sons of Mosiah, of whom we can read in the Book of Mormon. During all his subsequent life, President Cannon spoke very feelingly of the experiences which had come to him as a young man laboring in that vicinity. On the occasion of the visit of Elder Andrew Jenson, assistant Church historian, a number of meetings were held in this village. Herewith is a picture of the elders who were present.



Missionary Group at Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii

Back row, left to right: A. B. Bonham, Clinton, Utah; Wm. Davis, Salt Lake City; Vasco Laub, president Molonai district, Ogden, Utah; Andrew Jenson, assistant Church historian; Stanley A. Matson, president West Maui district, Salt Lake City; Wm. M. Waddoups, president Hawaiian mission; John Johnson, Mesa, Arizona; Rollow Kimball, president East Maui district, Salt Lake City; Almon Bate, Brigham City, Utah; John Farra, local. Front row: Leo R. Jenson, South African mission (released), Salt Lake City; Eva J. Olson and Sister Andrew Jenson (visitors); Olivia Waddoups, president mission Relief Societies; Howard Allred, Salt Lake City.

Work Progressing in the South Seas

Elder Alfred Dewey, secretary of the Samoan mission, writes, under date of June 5, 1928, as follows: "Some of our Church members who have traveled exten-

sively pronounce the plantation at Sauniatu, on the island of Upolu, Samoa, one of the most beautiful and interesting spots on the globe. It is about twenty miles from Apia, and people from all over the island walked hither over muddy and rough roads to be in attendance at the semi-annual conference. The spirit of the Lord was made manifest at all the meetings and those who attended felt well repaid for their efforts. Recently there has been considerable conflict between the natives and the government; and, while this has been unpleasant, it has enabled us to present our message to all the chiefs of this island. We are very hopeful that the increased activities will continue to bring new converts to the Church as they are doing at the present time."

ELDERS OF THE SAMOAN MISSION

Bottom row, left to right: H. B. Stone, Aberdeen, Idaho; D. N. Oldroyd, Glenwood, Utah; A. Dewey, mission secretary, Sandy, Utah. Middle row: L. H. McCullough, president Upolu district, Delta, Utah; W. L. Smith, mission president, Leavitt, Alberta, Canada; Sister W. L. Smith, president mission Relief Societies; W. M. Russon, Lehi, Utah. Top row: D. H. Allred, Cardston, Alberta, Canada; Sister L. D. Cahoon, president Tutuila district Relief Society; L. D. Cahoon, president Tutuila district, Cardston, Alberta, Canada.

WORK PROGRESSING IN OHIO

At the conjoint conference of the North and South Ohio districts, held at Columbus on April 28, more than one hundred Saints and investigators were in attendance. President and Sister John H. Taylor, recently released, and President Noah H. Pond were the principal speakers. The work of the Lord is progressing in this part of his vineyard. In the month of April we baptized three, and many more will be ready for baptism in the near future. We have been successful in making

new friends, and many new homes have been opened for our cottage meetings, enabling us to convey the Gospel message to hundreds of persons whom we could not reach in any other way.—*W. E. Hunt*, president North Ohio district.

ELDERS OF THE NORTH OHIO DISTRICT

Sitting, left to right: Harry Russell, president Columbus branch; Noah H. Pond, president Northern States mission; John H. Taylor, former mission president; Sister Taylor, George O. Manwaring, Wilford E. Hunt, president North Ohio district. Standing: Raymond Saunders, Eugene C. Weber, Karl D. Zaugg, Elmer H. Penman, Carl T. Cox, W. LaVarre Butterworth, Robert W. McMackin, Wm. B. Butler, Alvin F. Bullock.

MISSIONARY WORK IN THE ROBIN HOOD CITY

John P. Hopkinson, clerk of the Nottingham district, writes, under date of May 25, 1928: "The missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are still holding aloft the standard of truth in the city of Nottingham, where, nearly three hundred years ago, Charles I raised his standard at the commencement of the Parliamentary war. This city, with more than a quarter of a million inhabitants, is accepting the opportunity to hear our message. Not only are the missionaries from Zion spreading the Gospel, but worthy local members as well are doing all in their power to warn their fellowmen. During the past six months, more than fifteen thousand hours of work have been done in proclaiming the message of salvation; thirty-six thousand tracts have been distributed, and sixty-two copies of the Book of Mormon have been put in circulation. Under date of May 21, 1928, the *Nottingham Evening News* gave a very favorable account of the work which has been done by the missionaries of this Church. They explain that a decided change of sentiment is apparent on the part of the British people towards the

missionaries. We were favored with a visit from President and Sister Widtsoe, which was greatly appreciated. Their instruction and counsel will long be remembered."

MISSIONARIES OF NOTTINGHAM DISTRICT

Front row, left to right: Dalton E. Spencer, Evanston, Wyoming; John P. Hopkinson, district secretary, Sunnyside, Utah. Second row: Weston W. Taylor, assistant secretary European missions, Salt Lake City; Waldo L. Osmond, district president, Provo, Utah; Dr. John A. Widtsoe, mission president; Leah D. Widtsoe, president of European missions Relief Societies; Richard L. Evans, associate editor *Millennial Star*, Salt Lake City. Third row: Joseph E. Whitehead, Provo; Vilace L. Radmall, Pleasant Grove; Fred H. Cox, Pocatello; Harold K. Richmond, Salt Lake City; E. Anthony Clayson, Spanish Fork; Brandt D. Jorgensen, Salem; Rulon W. Stevenson, Ogden.

PASS "ERA" ON TO YOUR FRIENDS

Lack of space has prevented an earlier appearance of a report of a conference held in Auckland, New Zealand, sent us by Elder Halvor T. Johnson, under date of February 27. He says: "Four meetings were held, beginning at nine a. m. and closing at nine p. m., with but short intervals between them. It was a day of spiritual feasting for all who attended. Visiting elders from surrounding districts contributed to the success of our conference. All had the privilege of speaking and bearing testimony of the goodness of the Lord to them in their labors. We have a talented branch in Auckland; so, naturally, we have a lively Mutual organization. A concert was given, following the conference, for the purpose of raising funds for the renovation of our chapel. The house was packed with Saints and interested investigators. In a recent letter from a Mr. Hugh Goldsbury, to whom we post the *Era*, he wrote thanking us for sending it, and had this to say, 'It gets better and better all the time, and not only do my wife and I find it most interesting, but those to whom I post it on think it a fine magazine. The stories and articles are so wholesome that the magazine must do a great good and win admiration for your Church wherever it is read.'"

Work Progressing in the Aarhus District

The Aarhus district, or conference as it was formerly called, was organized in 1857. Since that time a very large number of prominent men have come into the Church from that locality. It was not far from here that President Anthon H. Lund first heard and accepted the principles of salvation. Recently a notable conference was held in this district. Twenty-five missionaries from Zion were present, among them being President Joseph L. Peterson of the Danish mission, and his wife, Ida A. Peterson. The meetings were all very well attended and excellent instruction was given. The report showed that the Danish mission has had forty-seven baptisms since the first of the year, and good prospects are reported from the various districts. Elder Clarence B. Jacobs reports that the elders are all working industriously and with faith. According to this report, the *Era* is read with great interest by all.

First row, left to right: Minnie Anderson; Ole Anderson, district president; Ida A. Peterson, president mission Relief Societies; Joseph L. Peterson, mission president; N. P. Rasmussen, president Aalborg district; G. Philip Jensen, president Copenhagen district. Second row: Douglas Thomsen, Max R. Christensen, Gunnar M. Nielsen, Clarence B. Jacobs, Robert L. Erickson, Aage L. Kjolby, Sylvester W. Muir. Third row: George H. Carlsen, Seth J. Larsen, Anders Andersen, Alfred L. Sorensen, Albert M. Olsen, Orval D. Benson. Fourth row: Richard T. Anderson, Karl M. J. Thomsen, Achton C. Jensen, Holger P. Petersen, Clifton E. Henrichsen, Peter M. Andersen.

Baptisms Performed in Canada

President Charles H. Hart of the Canadian mission reports very encouraging progress in the Hamilton district of that mission. During the year 1927 twenty-six souls were brought into the Church by baptism. During the present year there have been twelve baptisms, and the prospects for future growth are excellent. All elders of the mission are laboring zealously and with an abiding faith in the work they represent to bring the message of salvation to the people of that locality.

HAMILTON DISTRICT MISSIONARIES

Front row, left to right: Noble G. Papworth, Permelia Tippetts, Stella E. Stewart, Loraine Alston, District President, Francis H. Jex; Mission President Charles H. Hart; Alice Merrill, Cervera Sowards, Henry S. Cook. Second row: Hayward Baker, Joseph B. Cottrell, Ernest Soelberg, Rulon Henningen, Raymond G. Jacobson, Nathan B. Hales. John N. Jackson, Halo M. Hart. Third row: John W. Nelson, Floyd L. Losee, Wells Brover, Jr.

FISHERS OF MEN

The mission field offers many remarkable evidences that "God moves in a mysterious way." Several months ago Elder D. Herschel Loosli delivered a tract at a door in Pforzheim, in southern Germany. The lady manifested an unfriendly spirit but was finally prevailed upon to accept the paper. However, she had no desire to read the message so unwillingly accepted and threw it aside as soon as the missionary was gone. This lady had an acquaintance living in an adjacent street, who discovered one evening after the stores were closed that she needed yarn in order to do some necessary darning. She sent her little girl to this friend's to borrow the desired material. The messenger returned in due time with the yarn wrapped in the tract which had been cast aside. It was carefully read by the lady into whose hands it had fallen. So impressed was she that she prayed about the matter and subsequently persuaded her husband and family to read it. They did so and were likewise impressed, so much so that they visited the meetings, became acquainted with the missionaries, and through study and prayer were soon converted. The result of this one tract, therefore, delivered at an unfriendly door, was that an entire family was baptized. Surely Paul may plant, Appollos may water, but unless God gives the increase there can be none.

Progress Experienced in North Texas

"The work of the Lord is progressing rapidly here in the North Texas district of the Central States mission, and we feel that we have been wonderfully blessed during the last year. The *Era* is greatly appreciated by us. It is a marvelous missionary, and we always look forward to the receipt of each succeeding number."—*O. F. Jeffery*, district president (released).

Missionaries of North Texas District

Front row, left to right: O. F. Jeffery, district president (released); Margaret Quinn, Independence, Mo.; Josie J. Allred; Mrs. A. K. Kuttler, local; Kenneth Kuttler, Jr., local; Louise Shoell; Donetta Bennion, Independence; Charlotte Bennion, president mission Relief Societies; S. O. Bennion, mission president. Back row: Elmer Wright, president Independence district; Mauritz Marlowe; A. S. Youd; A. C. Dye; C. S. Nielson; K. G. Woolley, president North Texas district; J. M. Judy, F. H. Winward.

Dying Words of Confirmed Infidels

"Hold on!" was the exhortation given a dying infidel by his associates.

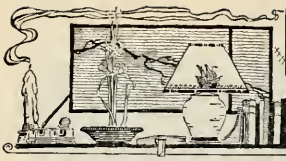
"Will you tell me what to hold on to?" he asked in reply.

Cromwell: (The English General) "The devil is ready to seduce us, and I have been seduced."

Gibbon: (The Historian) "All is now lost, finally, irrevocably lost, all is dark and doubtful."

Churchill: "What a fool I have been!"

Gambetta: "I am lost, and there is no use to deny it."



EDITOR'S TABLE

The Worthwhile Vacation or Outing

Much has been said of rest as the aim of a vacation or outing. But "the proper rest for man is change of occupation;" and total rest and inactivity, even if such a thing were possible, would probably weaken rather than build up the vital powers of man.

To what we regard as the highest form that outings can take, we desire to call the attention of our readers.

What difference will it make: 1. Whether a Scout or a vacationist at summer camps discerns a tendency of nature, or picks up a rule of etiquette? 2. Whether he learns and compares species of trees, or acquires the ability to build a fire? 3. Whether he observes the ways of badger, moth, ant, or butterfly, or improves his skill in rolling a blanket? 4. Whether he becomes aware of a bird song that he never before noticed, or dreams over re-told fables about Jesse James and Robin Hood? 5. Whether he is inspired to enjoy the beauty of a sunset, of a mountain landscape, of a silver lake, or of a flaming sky, or masters the ability to repair a leaking faucet? 6. Whether he is led to understand and apply the first principles of hygiene and life-saving, or is shown how to play a new kind of handball or volleyball? 7. Whether his thought is enlarged, his vision broadened, by a truth learned at first-hand from nature, or whether his legs and lungs are tested by an all-night hike or by a climb to the highest summit? 8. Whether, in a word, truth, beauty, appreciation, and mental growth are valued higher, and given more attention to, than the common-place play of city streets and ball grounds?

In our view it will make all the difference in the world.

The humbler second groups, "the things that are seen" or noticed by all, have a more direct appeal to the present interests of youth than do the loftier first groups, the "unseen" or spiritual; but the usefulness of the common activities is likely to be transient. That of the first group—the observation and appreciation of nature will be permanent. The ways of nature have effects that are less evident but more lasting than every-day work; less exciting but more beneficial; less popular with the many but more elevating to the few.

Without question, a knowledge of the things of the first group—the things which are "unseen," or at least unnoticed—will take more thought, more investigation, more meditation, than the more or less mechanical things of the second group will require. It will likewise be more difficult to secure leaders to teach truth and beauty than to secure those who can direct in play and campcraft; yet we think it will pay well to secure them, for their help is indispensable.

In the March *Era*, for example, it was shown that one of the most interesting and useful aspects of certain Western trees, shrubs, giant grasses, and other plants of the mountains, is their function in preventing or halting summer floods, which, with ever-increasing frequency and violence, are ravaging many of our Western valleys. We cannot think of any knowledge of plants that would be more gripping, more useful, than just this feature. Yet, our observation has been that few of these flood-preventers are familiarly known, even to students of botany, since few courses in botany extend to these matters.

Still more notable and unknown are Western desert plants—the saltbushes, cacti, Ephedra, creasote bush, Indian arrow bush, bottle plant, Mentzelia, and others—wonder plants, as they have been aptly designated. Once to see and learn something about any of these strongly indi-

vidualized growths, is to get impressions so deep that it is barely possible to forget their unique features. It was chiefly the bizarre or other striking aspects of these species that led one of the visiting European botanists a few years ago to say, "Whoever it was that superintended the native floral decoration of your Western country, must have intended its people to be students of plant life, for so many of these plants are peculiar and wonderful." This fact, also, may be one reason why the scientists of Europe so greatly admired and praised the herbarium of Utah wild flowers prepared by one Utah Scout troop and exhibited at the London international conference of Boy Scout leaders. It will pay well in the reputation of Utah abroad to have the Scouts learn and prepare herbariums of our native wild flowers.

As for birds, insects, rocks, minerals—the things that boys and girls ask the most questions about on hiking or camping trips—they are known to only the very few specialists that work in these fields of natural history. Yet, we are assured that much of the mystery attaching to them can soon be cleared away, for the purposes of Scout work, by going afield with leaders who know them.

For awhile it will require specialists in nature to answer the questions and to guide the observations to be made in this high form of Scouting; but the difficulty of making the start should not discourage us.

"I never lose heart," declares the apostle of insight; "for the things that are seen are transient; the unseen, eternal."

Some of the things that ordinarily we do not see—realities unnoticed though lying all about—are disclosed elsewhere in this issue. They constitute an unusual but feasible nature program for those who will, as the apostle says, go at it without losing heart. Easy to observe, being everywhere common, and not difficult to identify, the objects of nature presented in the article should be a boon to all campers; to leaders of youthful groups at summer camps, they should be invaluable.—*J. H. P.*

The Well Balanced Menu

We commend the foregoing editorial, which was submitted to us by a valued correspondent, to the thoughtful attention of our readers. "The loftier first groups, the unseen or spiritual" things are truly of primary importance as this editorial states. They will endure after the transient things of this earth have passed away. However, it would be unfortunate should our younger readers develop the notion that the practical things, such as repairing a faucet, rolling a blanket, building a fire, etc., have no value, and the article does not intend to convey such an idea. These practical things have an important place in the temporal life we are now living and must not be overlooked. Neither is there necessity for overlooking them. Ever since its organization, this Church has endeavored to develop real men, men who dream but who "dream along the lines of life." Our effort is to train young men to become as nearly like the Christ as possible. He could see in the simple lilies of the field something which surpassed the beauty of Solomon in all his glory; and yet he could doubtless wield a hammer or plane or saw with as much skill as any man of his time.—*C.*

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

All matters pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood in this department are prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

The Vitality of the Sacrament

There are, perhaps, very few members of the Church who do not understand, "it is the Spirit which giveth light," and "it is the Spirit which beareth witness," and that without the Spirit it is impossible to live the Gospel and gain salvation. Yet, many seem to think they can enjoy the Spirit regardless of how seldom they attend sacramental meeting, or whether they go at all.

How do they interpret the Lord's revelation which says, "Thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments on this my holy day?" This revelation cannot be understood as meaning anything except to do this as often as the holy day comes.

And the Lord has revealed two special and wonderful prayers, each one of them beautifully framed, to make suitable petition for one important thing: that those who partake of the sacrament "may have his Spirit to be with them." Is it thinkable that after the Lord has instituted this very special performance by which we may receive his Spirit, that he will give it when we ignore the performance? How dare we dispense with it when the Lord has said to us, "It is *expedient* that the Saints meet together often to partake of the bread and wine?"

Jesus made this a great feature of his visit to the Nephites, telling them, "This shall ye always observe to do, and it shall be a testimony to the Father that ye do always remember me, and if ye do always remember me, ye shall have my Spirit to be with you." Consider well the import of this, "always."

After the Nephites had partaken of the sacrament he said, "Blessed are ye for this thing which ye have done, for this is fulfilling the commandment, and this doth witness unto the Father that ye are willing to do that which I have commanded you. * * * And I give unto you a commandment that ye shall do these things. And if ye shall always do these things, blessed are ye, for ye are built upon my rock. But whoso among you shall do more or less than these are not built upon my rock, but are built upon a sandy foundation; and when the rain descends and the floods come, and the winds blow, and beat upon them, they shall fall, and the gates of hell are ready open to receive them."

In every ward there are brethren and sisters building on a sandy foundation by neglecting this privilege of the sacramental service on the Sabbath day. This neglect brings on them a spirit of indifference or opposition; they often urge their own pet explanation for their change of feeling; but, whatever they say and try to believe, they are not enjoying the good spirit they could have by living up to this wonderful privilege. They should take this vital matter seriously into account, lest the "winds and the floods" find them unprepared.—*Albert R. Lyman.*

False science may contradict a true interpretation of Genesis; true science may contradict a false interpretation of Genesis; but true science will never contradict a true interpretation of Genesis.—*Nephi Jensen.*

MUTUAL WORK

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

The Slogan

"We stand for law, for the people who live it, and the officers who enforce it."

This slogan is a specific declaration of the institutional attitude of the M. I. A. towards the laws of the country, the state, and the municipalities in which we live. It is a re-affirmation of the article of our faith: "We believe in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law."

The slogan is so full of patriotism that there is no room for a particle of partisanism in it. * * * It is the production of the joint efforts of the Y. M. M. I. A. and the Y. L. M. I. A.

It should be presented at the monthly joint session of the M. I. A. in the wards, at the joint Sunday stake conference meetings, and at the stake group conventions. The presentation of the slogan should be preceded by some exercise that will produce an atmosphere for thought and determination.

The following is a sample of material for a slogan setting:

FROM AN HISTORICAL ADDRESS BY THE GREAT CHAMPION OF THE CONSTITUTION, DANIEL WEBSTER

"And let me say, gentlemen, that if we and our posterity shall be true to the Christian religion,—if we and they shall live always in the fear of God, and shall respect his commandments,—if we and they shall maintain just, moral sentiments, and such conscientious convictions of duty as shall control the heart and life,—we may have the highest hopes of the future fortunes of our country; and if we maintain those institutions of government and that political union, exceeding all praise as much as it exceeds all former examples of political associations, we may be sure of one thing—that, while our country furnishes materials for a thousand masters of the historic art, it will afford no topic for a Gibbon. It will have no Decline and Fall. It will go on prospering and to prosper.

"But, if we and our posterity reject religious instruction and authority, violate the rules of eternal justice, trifle with the injunctions of morality, and recklessly destroy the political constitution which holds us together, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us, that shall bury all our glory in profound obscurity."

The utmost order should precede the presentation of the slogan.

If the presentation of the slogan is placed at the close of a program, the closing song could appropriately emphasize the slogan, such as "Do What is Right, Let the Consequence Follow," or "Shall the Youth of Zion Falter."

The slogan should be kept before the public by placard, and care should be given to the position and the protection of the placard.

While the placard and the presentation of the slogan at meetings will no doubt stimulate in the direction of sustaining the law, the effective putting of the slogan into action against lawlessness can be accomplished best through projects.

Projects that will provide for the study of the strength and of the weaknesses of law observance in the community, causes of lawlessness and putting on foot measures for assisting officers in the enforcement of the law:

1. Present the slogan seriously.
2. Placard the slogan conspicuously.
3. Put the slogan over judiciously by project.

Joint Monthly Sunday Evening Meetings

All exercises should be in nature and grade consistent with Sunday sacredness: everything to lift and nothing to lower. The program should provide for a Gospel message in some form and for an equitable distribution of time between the Young Men's and the Young Ladies' organizations.

Suggested material in outline arrangement for programs is published in the *Era* and the *Journal*. These outlines are in no way directive, but it is hoped that they will receive consideration as helps to be used or substituted, in whole or in part. From reports coming in these outlines are appreciated in the ward.

Stake Conference Sunday Evening Meeting

The privilege of using the Sunday evening of a stake conference is one which should be appreciated by our organizations in every stake of Zion. The programs for these meetings should receive the careful joint consideration of the stake board and the endorsement of the stake president. They should be judiciously advertised in advance. Whatever else the exercises may consist of, the major part of the time should be devoted to one or more messages to the youth, preferably by representatives of the General Church Authorities, or of the M. I. A. General Board.

It is hoped that these meetings will be so interesting and instructive that no thought of dispensing with them will be entertained.

THE ADULT DEPARTMENT

The 1928-29 program for the Adult Department is another step in the direction of the comprehensive scheme of adult education which the Advanced Senior Department outlined for the M. I. A. three years ago. In its broader aspects, however, it represents an attempt to meet certain leisure-time needs of the adults of the Church.

The coming year's program includes the following types of activity:

a. The course of study.
b. The reading course.
c. The citizenship projects.
d. Other types of liesure-time activity.

The Course of Study

Continuing the plan of last year, each ward will choose one of the following subjects for its course of study throughout the year:

a. *Moral Teachings of the New Testament;*
b, Outline of Current Literature;
c, Captains of Industry.

By a recent action of the General Authorities, the Genealogical Society meetings are also to be held Tuesday evenings. It is suggested, therefore, that the members of this group meet under the auspices of the M. I. A. and that the Genealogical course of study be considered a fourth possible choice of subject matter for members of the Adult Department.

As announced at the June convention, excellent materials are available for each course of study. Dean Milton Bennion's book, *Moral Teachings of the New Testament*, is now on sale at the Deseret Book Company (price $1.00). The manual "Captains of Industry" is now in press and will be available about August 15 from the *Era* office (price 25c). Materials for the "Outline of Current Literature" course will be furnished through the pages of the *Era* and the *Journal*. Each month, beginning with the September number, the *Era*, for example, will contain a three or four-page review, by eminent L. D. S. writers, of some recent outstanding book. The *Journal* for the same month will also contain a similar review of another outstanding book. By this means it is hoped to furnish two reviews each month, or a total of about

eighteen or twenty during the Mutual season. These reviews will contain digests of, extracts from and criticisms of the most recent literature in the fields of biography, travel, natural science, fiction, philosophy, social science, art, etc.

In addition to the two monthly book reviews, the magazines will furnish a list (with comments) of noteworthy articles in the current issues of the leading American magazines.

Reading Course

The book adopted for the Adult Department this year is Michael Pupin's *From Immigrant to Inventor*, published by Scribners and securable from the Deseret Book Company (price $2.00).

Citizenship Projects

A new departure this year are the citizenship projects announced at the June convention. It is proposed that each ward devote one Tuesday each month to a consideration and execution of the following:

A. Law Observance:
   1. Study of:
      (a) nature and extent of local law-breaking,
      (b) adequacy of existing law-enforcement machinery.
   2. Formulation of a local program for law observance:
      (a) providing for public discussion of the problem,
      (b) group resolutions,
      (c) cooperation with other groups and with law-enforcement officials.

B. Voting:
   1. Study of:
      (a) the nature of Federal, State, and local laws pertaining to elections and voting,
      (b) the nature and extent of recent local (city, county or state) election and voting practices.
   2. Educational work with local voters, as to:
      (a) their privileges as voters.
      (b) the time and place of elections,
      (c) the issues involved in a given election, (e. g., providing facts and analyses of arguments for and against the issues).

The above projects fit in nicely with the slogan for this year. They also make it possible for the M. I. A. to become an even greater power for social righteousness in the communities where we are organized.

Appropriate materials and suggestions for the execution of these projects will be furnished from time to time through the pages of the *Era* and the *Journal*.

Other Types of Leisure-Time Activity

Where there is time, energy or need for other types of leisure-time activity in the Adult Department, such as amusements, "socials," home evenings, etc., stake and ward officers are referred to the forthcoming edition of the M. I. A. *Handbook* for specific suggestions and guidance.

The Joint Committee of the General Boards encourages the stake and ward officers to take adequate time and opportunity in planning the work of this department for the coming year. The splendid achievements and rapid growth of this department during the last two or three years should be an additional incentive to even greater effort during the year ahead.

On behalf of the General Boards,
ARTHUR L. BEELEY (Y. M. M. I. A.)
MARY C. KIMBALL (Y. L. M. I. A.)
Chairmen, Adult Department.

M. I. A. Conference in Berlin

By Superintendent Arthur Gaeth

The "Gruen-Gold Freud-Echo," as the first M. I. A. conference in the German-Austrian mission was called, was held in Berlin, May 26-28, 1928, under the direction of Superintendent M. Elmer Christensen. The special guests were President and Sister Fred Tadje and Superintendent George Albert Smith, Jr.,

of the Swiss-German mission and President and Sister Hyrum W. Valentine of the German-Austrian mission. The total attendance at the Saturday and Sunday meetings was about 5,000 people, and more than 700 attended the excursion on Monday. Translated, "Gruen-Gold Freud-Echo" is "Green-Gold Echo of Joy."

Saturday afternoon final contests in public speaking for men and women, retold stories, ladies trios, male quartettes, male choruses, ladies choruses, instrumental trios, Boy Scout activities and poem and story-writing were held between winners in the different districts. More than 400 people from outside Berlin were present as witnesses or contestants. Konigsberg on the extreme north, Breslau on the east and Vienna on the southeast were well represented. For the past four months the Mutuals of this mission have been concentrating on these events, and more than 1000 people have in that time taken part in the contest work.

In the evening, the Boy Scouts met in a jambouree, real American style, with activities in first aid, mouth organ choruses and lantern-slide lectures on German birds and trees. At the same time the Bee-Hive girls presented a dramatization of the "Spirit of the Hive." The G Men (M Men) gathered at a banquet and listened to a literary and musical program; the recreation committees met and saw the presentation of a drama and were given instructions concerning proper amusements and dancing. Following the departmental work a "Freud-Echo" social and dance was held for all Mutual workers present at the convention, at which time the contest winners were awarded prizes.

Sunday morning, after a fervent testimony meeting, President Hyrum W. Valentine presented each of the 30 registered troops of Boy Scouts with a German national flag, admonishing them to honor the Fatherland and obey its laws. This presentation left impressions that will help make these boys honorable citizens of their country. Ninety scouts gave the scout oath and pledged allegiance to their flag. This movement started by the "Mormon" Church is the only organization in Germany having the same standards as the International Organization of Boy Scouts, and in the not far distant future this movement will be recognized by the German government, for thinking men already realize the value of this non-partisan, patriotic endeavor.

Presentation of badges to new Scout head of German-Austrian mission, and to new district Scoutmasters.

President Hyrum W. Valentine presenting German flag to the thirty registered Scout troops.

A special feature of the closing session of the conference was the convincing two-minute testimonies of ten missionaries who were honorably released after thirty months of service. Brother M. Elmer Christensen, mission superintendent of M. I. A., who had just been released to return home after thirty-two months of service and who was the originator of the "Freud-Echo," was presented with a leather-bound handbook by the incoming superintendent, Arthur Gaeth, on behalf of the M. I. A., in appreciation of his splendid work as the first general superintendent of auxiliary organizations of the German-Austrian mission. The G. F. V. (M. I. A.) Handbook, in German, was his work, and is in the nature of the handbooks used in the stakes of Zion.

Monday all members attended the excursion and participated in the enjoyment furnished. The districts of the mission met in a competitive track meet, from which the Berlin district emerged as victor.

The following article dealing with our work, was printed in the Berlin *Vorwarts*, the Social-Democratic organ of the country, on the 2nd of June, 1928:

"Primarily, this American organization takes up its labors with the youth and applies pedagogics that keep the minds and the senses of its young people alert and refreshed. They scorn overdone piety and combine refined arts and science, particularly natural science, with ethical vows in the measure in which the receptive hearts of the young require them. But most interesting of all is the "Mormon" system. The boys are grouped together in Boy Scout organizations and are educated in nature through long hikes, in signaling, in Morse telegraphy, and are instructed in first aid and many other practical fields. The girls are combined in Bee-Hive swarms and receive instructions in household management, nursing, sewing and embroidery work. At each meeting the youth verbally renew their pledges, the first stipulation of which is tolerance, and which obliges them to look earnestly at life and serve their fellow-man. The German mission lies wholly under the direction of young Americans. In the activities of their conference it could be observed that dances, even fox trots and waltzes, formed a part of the program. The organization is carried on according to definitely printed laws, established by the Americans and no deviation therefrom is permitted. From the handbook of instructions issued by the organization the following is

quoted: 'The organization creates officers, confers authority, defines duties, promotes obedience, establishes system, secures order, maintains discipline, divides labor, promotes efficiency and fixes responsbility.' Every duty is exactly and definitely defined and all actions of an officer must be reported to his superiors. The work of the individual is judged according to points like the system employed in auto-racing. It cannot be said, though, that the young people do not understand how to fill this inflexible system with living essence,—the enthusiasm displayed at this gathering was too apparent. Every young person who wishes to advance in the required disciplinary system and fields of knowledge receives little seals which he or she pastes into a book, a required number of which admit him or her into a higher order or degree of the work.

"The 'Mormon' Church really understands how to take the best out of every existing church and apply it to its advantage; it can be looked upon as one of the most esteemed and valuable branches of American Sectism."

Beat This if You Can

George A. B. McIntyre, stake superintendent of South Davis Y. M. M. I. A., sends the following:

Troop 105, Centerville First ward, South Davis stake, is making a remarkable record in Scouting. Nelson H. Smith was appointed Scoutmaster in October, 1926. The troop was then "Tenderfoot." Its rank now includes six Eagle, two Life, five Star, two First and nine Second-class Scouts.

The following is the membership of the troop. Ulysses S. Grant, Max Rich, Clyde McIntyre, Roscoe Reading, Dale Mowers, Ray Smith, Rodney Porter, John Allen, Allen Barber, Franklin Walton, Clifford

Scout Troop No. 105, Centerville First ward, South Davis stake.

Leak, Leon Reeves, Wayne Schofield, Archer Clayton, Leonard Peterson, Irvin McIntyre, Wendell Holmes, Keith Randall, Frank Duncan, Alton Leak, Melvin Everett, Leroy Fornelius, Gerald Bettridge, Stewart Smith.

At the district rally held recently these boys were awarded first place in inspection and first-aid contests, and also awarded the silver trophy for the highest efficiency in scouting for the district contest just closed, in which eight wards competed.

Activities in this contest included troop good turns, specified standard of advancement, attendance at troop, Sunday School and sacramental meetings, etc. The troop scored 98 per cent or more in each of these activities during the whole period of the contest.

Their bishop, Wesley E. Tingey, is a scout enthusiast, and in the recent remodeling of the meeting house took personal interest in providing the palatial quarters with showers and other modern facilities now enjoyed by the troop.

New Plan for Teacher-Training Classes

"July 19, 1928.

"To the General Boards of
Auxiliary Organizations.

"Dear Brethren and Sisters:

"This is to advise you that the General Authorities of the Church have approved the recommendation of the Church Board of Education and the Auxiliary General Boards that in the future teacher training shall be carried forward by the respective auxiliary organizations for their own workers.

"As you know, for the past several years teacher training has been a function of the General Board of Education for the teaching personnel of all organizations. This was done under the assumption, which has heretofore been well founded, that general principles and methods of teaching were as applicable to one organization as to another, and that therefore there was no need for more than one teacher training organization. Of necessity under this plan teacher training was more or less general in its application.

"It is now deemed advisable to make more specific to quorum and auxiliary work the study and application of this important part of Church work. Each auxiliary will carry forward hereafter a line of work more sharply defined and distinguished from all others and of a more specialized nature than heretofore, which has made it advisable that specialized training be given the workers in each organization.

"In taking the responsibility of training our own workers, we desire to express appreciation to the General Board of Education, Stake and Ward Boards of Education, and teacher training workers generally, for the good they have done our organization in the past. They have established a foundation on which we may now build. They have spread throughout the personnel of our organization a desire for personal improvement and efficiency. It is hoped that in the future we may be able to capitalize upon the work which they commenced.

"Detailed instructions will be sent forward in the near future.

"Very truly yours,
"FRANKLIN S. DAVIS,
"Secretary Auxiliary Executives."

PASSING EVENTS

Captain Emilio Carranza, Mexico's flying ace, on what was intended to be a non-stop flight from New York to the City of Mexico, was killed in a wooded section twenty-five miles from Mount Holly, N. J. His body was found, July 13, 1928, not far from the scene of the disaster. He had left New York the day before at 7:18 p. m. and nothing had been heard of him since then. It is believed that the plane had been struck by lightning during a heavy electrical storm that visited this region at the time of the accident.

Nobile Rescued. Gen. Umberto Nobile, who with five other members of the crew of the dirigible *Italia* has been a castaway on an ice floe in the Arctic since May 25, 1928, was reported rescued by Swedish aviators June 24, and taken to his rescue ship, *Citta di Milano.* The Swedish plane on runners made a landing near Nobile's camp and took off the leader of the unfortunate expedition. Later, when the pilot tried to land again, the plane crashed, and the pilot was marooned among the others instead of Nobile. Dr. Finn Malmgren, Captain Alberto Mariano, pilot of the *Italia,* and Captain Filippo Zappi, navigator, were discovered, July 11, 1928, by the Russian aviator Chukhnovsky, on the ice, about 20 miles from the position of the Russian ice-breaker, the *Krassin.* The three men set out, forty-two days ago, from the ice floe camp of the *Italia's* marooned crew, in an effort to reach land and find some means of rescue, but as nothing had been heard from them since, and as they had but 50 pounds of food and no ammunition, they had been given up as lost. The *Italia* crew, marooned on the ice floe since the disaster to the dirigible, were rescued by the Russian ice-breaker *Krassin,* July 12. According to a dispatch from Rome, the five men were all in "normal" condition, including Natale Ciccioni, whose left leg was broken when the crash came. Captain Sora and his companion Van Dongen were found and rescued by Swedish aviators. They had been stranded on Foyn island for three weeks, and were, according to one report, nearly exhausted for want of food. Another report says "they and their dog team seemed to be in good condition." As long as Arctic explorers have dogs, they are, presumably, not in immediate danger of death by starvation.

General Alvaro Obregon was elected president of Mexico, July 2, 1928, for the next six years, beginning Dec. 1, this year. He was the only candidate for the presidency. It is believed that Obregon will continue the policy of the present incumbent of the office, and that the era of goodwill between Mexico and the United States will be prolonged.

Obregon Assassinated. President-elect of Mexico General Alvaro Obregon was slain, July 17, 1928, at a banquet in his honor at La Bombilla restaurant, San Angel, near the City of Mexico. The murderer approached the table at which the president-elect was sitting and asked for permission to show him some pictures. He had a gun concealed under these and fired several shots into the body of his victim. Gen. Obregon died almost immediately. The assassin, one Juan Escapulario, was apprehended. President Calles hurried to San Angel. He issued peremptory orders that the police and army officials cooperate immediately in an effort to determine whether it was an irresponsible act or the result of a deep political plot.

Alpine Stake Divided. At the quarterly conference in Lehi, the Alpine stake was divided into three, Alpine, Lehi and Timpanogos stakes, the presidency, Stephen L. Chipman, James H. Clarke and Abel John Evans, who have presided since the stake was first organized, Jan. 13, 1901, having been honorably released. Abel John Evans

was appointed a patriarch, and Stephen L. Chipman and James H. Clarke were called to labor in the presidency of the High Priests. The new Alpine stake consists of the four wards of American Fork, Alpine and Highland. Clifford E. Young was chosen president with Earl S. Greenwood and Jesse M. Walker as counselors. Lehi stake comprises the five wards of Lehi with Cedar Fort and Fairfield. A. Carlos Schow was appointed president with Virgil A. Peterson and Rodney C. Allred as counselors. Timpanogos stake comprises the three wards of Pleasant Grove, Manila, Lindon and Windsor. Wilford W. Warnick was appointed to preside, with Joseph Olpin and Edmund Cragun as counselors. President Heber J. Grant presided and officiated, assisted by Elders Joseph Fielding Smith and Stephen L. Richards of the Council of Apostles.

Elder Wm. W. Salmon, for a number of years engaged in the Stalt Lake temple, died at his home in the Kimball apartments, Salt Lake City, July 1, at the age of 89 years. His birthplace was Kirkintilloch, Scotland, and his birth date Nov. 2, 1839. He came to Utah in 1866, having walked across the plains with a company of immigrants from Omaha to Salt Lake City. He served in the Black Hawk war, and, later, became one of President Young's body-guards. He leaves the following sons and daughters; Mrs. Charles J. Ross, William J. Salmon, Mrs. Emma Hernandez, Mrs. Mabel McGrath, Mrs. Viola Despain and Jeanne, Ann, Orson, Hyrum, Parley, Willard and Alonzo Salmon. Twenty-six grandchildren also survive.

Mrs. Charles W. Nibley, wife of President Charles W. Nibley, of the First Presidency of the Church, passed away at their home in Salt Lake City, July 2, 1928. Mrs. Nibley was taken ill sometime ago but seemed to recover her health. Her death came, therefore, unexpectedly. Pneumonia is given as the cause of the death. Mrs. Nibley was born in Salt Lake City, on March 30, 1851, the daughter of Alexander and Mrs. Ellen Neibaur. She was the daughter of handcart pioneers. She is survived by five sons and two daughters. They are C. W. Nibley, Jr., Los Angeles; Alexander Nibley, Los Angeles; Joseph F. Nibley, Salt Lake; Merrill Nibley, Los Angeles; Dr. James O. Nibley, Portland; Mrs. H. B. Whitney, Salt Lake; Mrs. Harold R. Smoot, Washington, D. C.

Hezekiah Eastman Hatch, president of the Thatcher Brothers Banking Company, passed away July 1, 1928, at his home in Logan, Utah, after an illness that has lasted for some time. Mr. Hatch was born in Lehi, Dec. 16, 1855, the son of Lorenzo Hill and Savonia Eastman Hatch, early Utah pioneers. He received his education in the schools of Franklin, Idaho, and Logan. During his early life he engaged in farming and was a telegraph operator in Franklin, where he also acted as assistant postmaster until 1875. He then became connected with the Utah Northern railway, now the Oregon Short Line, and for a time had charge of the railway station at Ogden, succeeding the late Brigader General Richard W. Young. He left his railway position in 1882, and, in connection with Moses Thatcher and George W. Thatcher, both of Logan; D. Hendricks of Richmond, and S. T. Joselyn of Omaha, Neb., organized the banking business of Thatcher Brothers and Company. On October 16, 1884, Mr. Hatch was married to Miss Georgia Thatcher, a daughter of Joseph W. Thatcher, who died in 1919. To them nine children were born, six of whom are now living, as follows: Mrs. Asa Bullen, Waldo M. and Adrian W. Hatch, all of Logan; Mrs. W. W. Anderson of Ogden, J. Eastman Hatch of Salt Lake, and L. Boyd Hatch of New York. H. Summer Hatch, Hannah and Lafayette Hatch, the latter having died while on a mission to Holland, all preceded him in death. He also is survived by several brothers and sisters. On June 12, 1924, Mr. Hatch married Ella G. McQuarrie, who also survives him.

Governor Alfred E. Smith was nominated for the presidency of the United States, by the Democratic convention at Houston, Texas, June 28, by a vote of 849 2-3 of the 1100 votes present. The plat-

form pledges the party to "strict enforcement of the prohibition amendment, as well as of all other laws." Ohio was the first to change her vote to Smith, after the first roll call. That state added 44 votes to the 724 already cast, and then one state after another followed the example.

"Old Folks' Day" was observed June 27, 1928, in Liberty Park, Salt Lake City, with about 3,000 old folks from Salt Lake City and vicinity present. In the crowd there were six, four men and two women, who had passed, or were about to pass, the century mark. The oldest man present was Alfred Lewis, colored, who will be 104 years on Aug. 10. He was born in Alabama, and is a member of the Church. Francis Halliday is 101 years old. The principal speaker of the occasion was President Heber J. Grant. Mayor John F. Bowman also made a short address.

Ralph Graham Savage, the well known photographer, died at his home in Salt Lake City, June 24, 1928, after an attack of pneumonia. He was the son of the late C. R. Savage and Annie Adkins Savage, and was born on April 13, 1860, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, while his parents were crossing the plains to Utah. In 1891 he fulfilled a mission for the L. D. S. Church in Great Britain. He married LaBelle Davis in 1886. Surviving Mr. Savage are four children, Melvin L. and Newton C. Savage, and Mrs. Merle S. Pauli, all of Salt Lake, and Mrs. Martha S. Ward of Southgate, Calif. Six grandchildren and the following brothers and sisters also survive: Roscoe E. and George L. Savage, Salt Lake; Ray T. Savage, Los Angeles; Arlie F. Savage, Santa Monica; Mrs. Nan Richardson, Mrs. Fannie S. Brother, Mrs. J. Reuben Clark, Salt Lake; Mrs. Lennie S. Riter, Los Angeles, and Mrs. H. O. Jensen of Santa Monica.

Senator Frank A. Gooding, of Idaho, passed away, June 24, 1928, at the home of his daughter, Gooding, Idaho, 69 years old. His death brought to a close one of the most dramatic careers in Idaho history. Born in England in 1859, he came to America with his parents when he was eight years old and won his way to an honored position in the United States senate. Senator Gooding first came into prominence as governor of Idaho during the hectic days surrounding the trial of the late "Big Bill" Haywood, charged with the murder of Governor Frank Steunenberg in the early years of the century. His unflinching demands that Haywood and his alleged accomplices be brought to trial, despite almost daily threats against his life, won him a firm place in the esteem of the people of the state. Following two terms as governor, Mr. Gooding returned to direction of his sheep business, but in 1918 returned once more to political activity as candidate for the senate.

Toll of the Storm. Eight persons are dead, hundreds are homeless, and property damage is estimated at two million dollars, as a result of the storms which swept over southwestern Oklahoma, southern Kansas and southwestern Missouri during the week ending June 16, 1928. In the forty-mile swath cut by a tornado, which devastated Blair and Headrick in southwestern Oklahoma Saturday night, four negroes lost their lives, seventeen were injured and some 300 families, outside of the wrecked towns were left without homes. Property damage was estimated at $1,500,000. The Verdigris river at Coffeyville, Kan., was on the verge of spilling over its banks. Many farmers in southern Pratt and Kiowa counties in Kansas were homeless as the result of an inverse twister, which swept a path a quarter of a mile wide between Greensburg and Sawyer. Tornado damage also was caused near Chanute and Salina, Kan.

Miss Amelia Earhart of Boston crossed the Atlantic, as a passenger in the monoplane Friendship, with Wilmer Stultz as pilot and Lou Gordon as mechanic, landing at Burryport, Wales, June 18, 1928. Owing to stormy weather and low visibility, they missed their goal, Southhampton, by 130 miles. They took off from Trepassey, Newfoundland, early in the morning, June 17. Miss Earhart is the first woman to be taken across the Atlantic in a plane.

A New Year---
Another Opportunity

WE all welcome additional chances of doing what we have wanted to do. There is another opportunity for the youth of the State of Utah either to begin or to continue their higher education at

The University of Utah

The following schedule of registration is announced for the Autumn Quarter:

Thursday, September 27—Registration Day for Freshmen.

Friday and Saturday, September 28 and 29—Special instruction for Freshmen.

Monday, October 1—Registration for all other students.

Tuesday, October 2—Instruction begins.

Plan Now to Attend

The State's highest institution of learning offers the youth of the State splendid opportunities to prepare themselves for a complete life. An extremely rich selection of courses is available to the young men and young women either for general cultural development or for specific training in the various fields. The University has the most complete curriculum in the Rocky Mountain territory. High standard work for serious minded students has placed the University in an enviable position in the educational work of the west.

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Utah Agricultural College

Announces the Opening of Its Fall Quarter
For

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Freshman Registration Friday and Saturday
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Courses Offered in the Schools of:

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The Deseret News Press

29 RICHARDS STREET SALT LAKE CITY

First Stenog: "Did you observe Fire Prevention Week?"
Second Stenog: "Yes, I got into the office earlier; the boss was getting sore."

* * *

Captain (to Irishman applying for job on board a ship): "Have you ever been to sea before?"
The Son of Erin: "Do you think I came over from Oireland in a cab?"

* * *

"But, surely," urged Jones, "seeing is believing."
"Not necessarily," replied Brown. "For instance, I see you every day."

Did You Ever Think of This

If you are not specifically trained for some type of useful employment it will not be long before the world will point its finger at you and call you a failure.

Ours is a school of opportunity. Here you have a chance to do the best you can, independently of what anybody else may do.

EVERY MONDAY we open the doors of opportunity—when shall we have the privilege of welcoming you?

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Zion's Co-operative Merc. Inst.

First Farmer: "I've got a freak over on my farm. It's a two-legged calf."
Second Farmer: "I know it. He was over to call on my daughter last night."

* * *

Knows Her Own Bomb. Elsie: "Have you heard the story that's going around about Eurnice?"
Grace: "Heard it? Why, honey, I started it."—*American Legion Monthly.*

* * *

Cat Out of the Bag. "Miss Lamb—er—Sylvia—there's a question I've been wanting to ask you for weeks."
"Carry on, old thing, the answer's been waiting for months."—*Everybody's Weekly.*

* * *

All Lit Up. Having been told that it was electricity that made his mother's hair snap when she combed it, Johnny bragged to a visitor: "We're a wonderful family, mother has electricity in her hair and grandma has gas on her stomach."—*Wright Engine Builder.*

"Finally, My Physician Recommended FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST"

"I am an automobile mechanic," writes J. R. Bridges of Salt Lake City, "and have been working at this trade for the past six years. Working on automobiles makes it necessary to handle machine parts covered with dirty greases and oil, which is very hard to remove from your hands and face.

"After getting a severe case of boils I tried all kinds of remedies suggested by my friends but did not obtain any relief. I finally went to my physician and he recommended that I eat one cake of Fleischmann's Yeast one-half hour before each meal. After eating the Yeast regularly for three weeks I began to notice that the boils were drying up and in two months they had entirely disappeared."

Fleischmann's Yeast is not in any sense a medicine—it is a vegetable, fresh as new celery. Its curative properties gently, naturally rouse the sluggish muscles of the intestines, and clear the system of the poisons of constipation. Your complexion, too, now clear and fresh, will reflect your new-found vigor and health.

Eat three cakes each day, one before each meal or between meals. Dissolve it in water, hot or cold; eat it plain or any other way you prefer.

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For men and boys. Wear 'em and let 'er buck.

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Z C M I

Suppose We Should Guarantee You the Fulfilment of these Desires—Would You Not Think it Marvelous?

Your income to continue even though accident or illness should suddenly snatch you away or render you unfit for work. An income for your wife—a college education for your children. The ownership of your home in ten years from now. The possibility of retirement and the joy of travel and leisure in your later years.

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Impossible? Absolutely not. These dreams can be realized if you act now—Make today's hopes realities tomorrow.

A Beneficial Policy is the Key to Success
Blots out your worries—Brings peace of mind

Beneficial Life Insurance Co.

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